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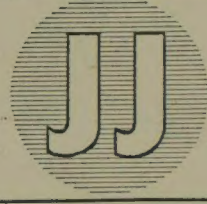
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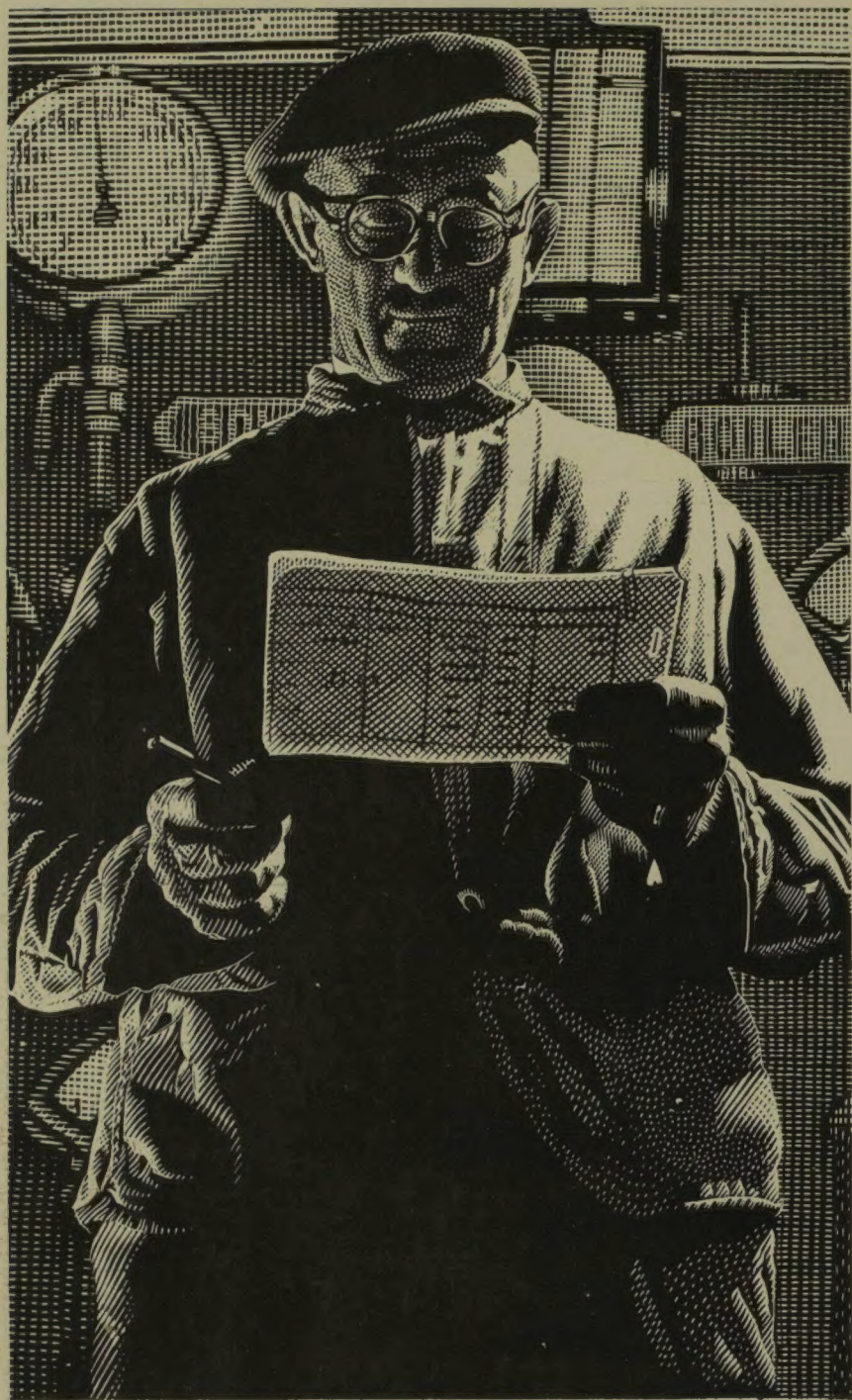
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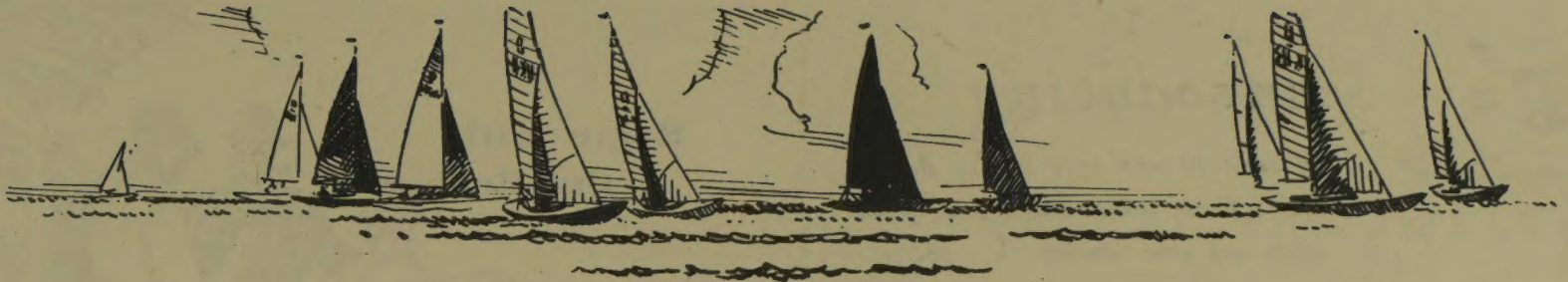
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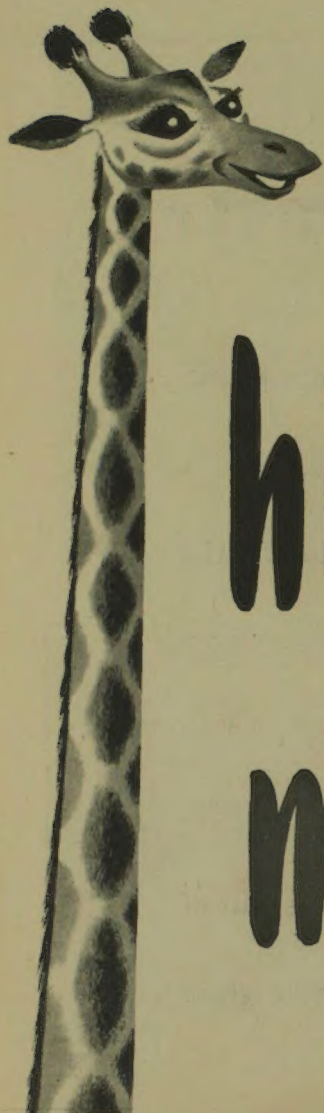
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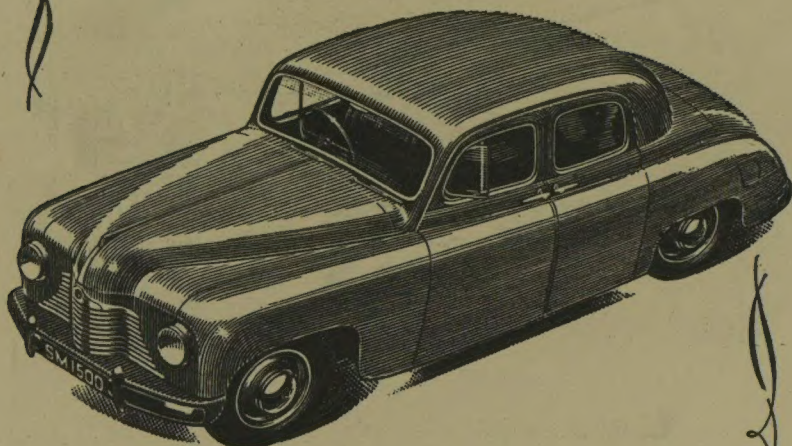
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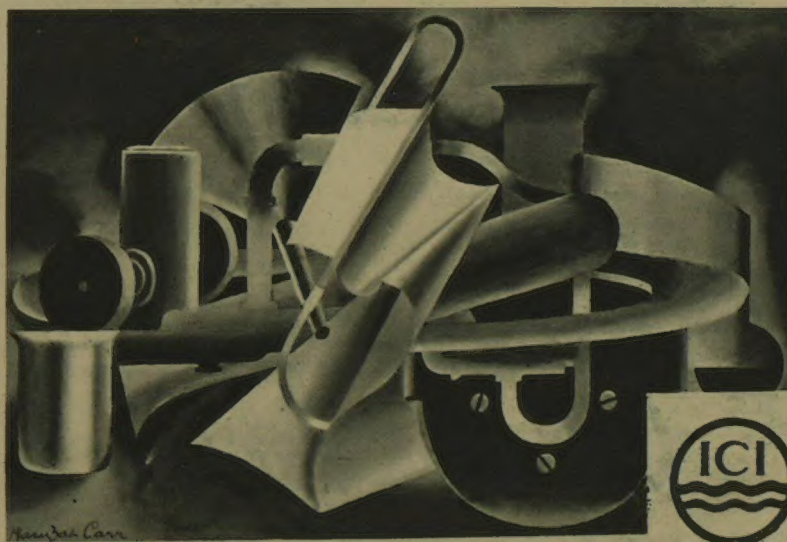
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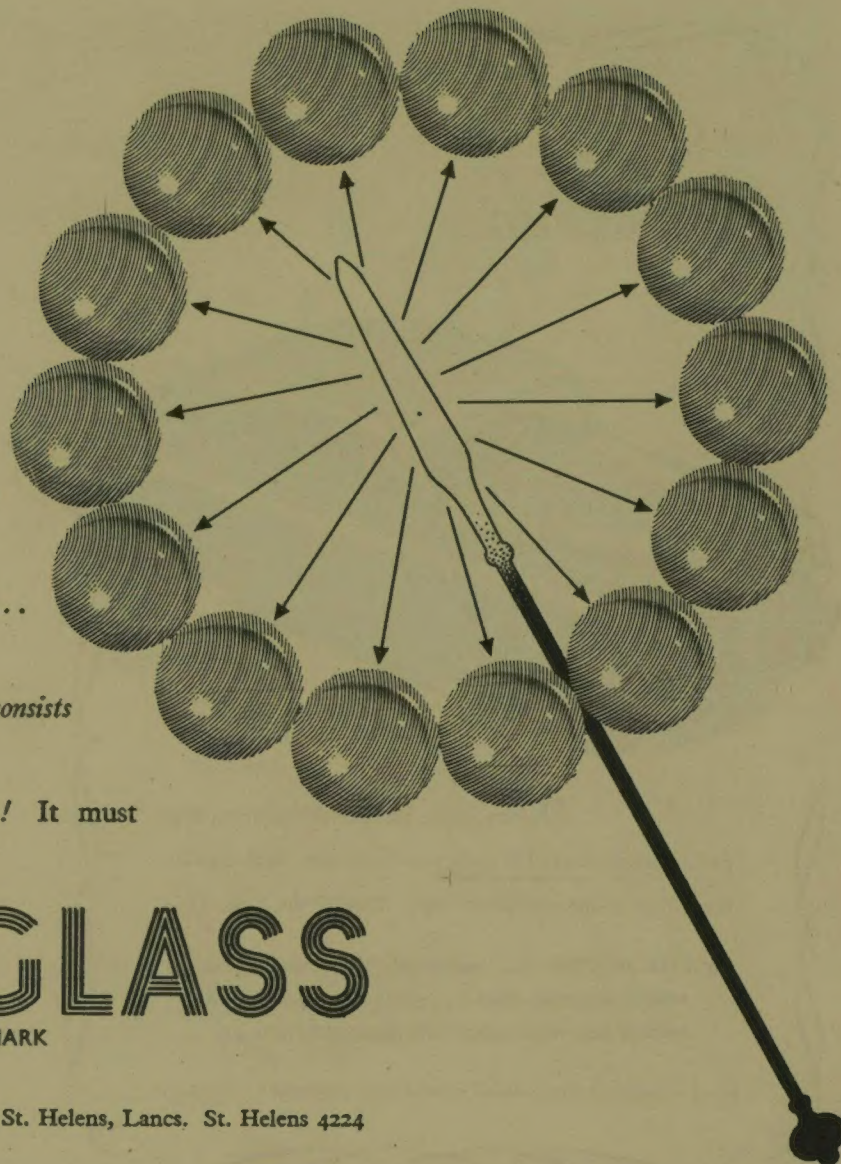
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SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1950.



THE MEN WHO FIRST IMPLEMENTED THE UNITED NATIONS' MANDATE TO ASSIST SOUTHERN KOREA AND ORDERED U.S. FORCES TO RESIST THE UNPROVOKED AGGRESSION OF COMMUNIST NORTHERN KOREA: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. LOUIS JOHNSON, U.S. SECRETARY OF DEFENCE, PRESIDENT TRUMAN, AND MR. DEAN ACHESON, SECRETARY OF STATE.

On June 25 the Security Council of the United Nations condemned the action of the Northern Koreans in invading Southern Korea and ordered an immediate "Cease fire," *nem. con.* The Northern Koreans continuing their advance, the Security Council called upon the member nations to "furnish such assistance to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack and to restore international peace and security in the area." The same day President Truman announced that he had ordered U.S. sea and air forces to give the South Korean troops cover and support. On June 28 General MacArthur announced that U.S. bombers and fighters,

operating from Japan, were engaging the Communist forces; and the same day Mr. Attlee announced in the House of Commons that he was immediately placing at the disposal of the United States authorities the whole of our naval forces in Japanese waters. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Clement Davies announced that the Government had the support of the Conservative and Liberal Parties in this decision. Mr. Churchill, speaking at a meeting, said of the U.S. action: "They have obtained that authority and mandate from the United Nations Organisation, which we have all pledged ourselves in the most solemn manner to sustain and serve."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A WEEK ago on this page I tried to indicate, so far as was possible in a few paragraphs, the general course of our history as a people, as I saw it, and to relate it to the attempt now being made to link our destiny more closely to that of the mainland of Europe. I suggested that our history, for better or worse, had turned during the past four centuries on our protestant reaction against authoritarian attempts to impose a common suzerainty on Europe and our repeated determination to preserve our independence and, with it, the independence of others. And I tried to show how in that attempt we had turned as a people towards the oceans and sought our destiny—and freedom—not in Europe but in new, untrammelled lands beyond the seas. By doing so we made the British Empire—or, as we now call it, the Commonwealth of Nations. Hitler, like Napoleon and Kaiser Wilhelm before him, did his best to liquidate that great peaceful union of oceanic nations which sprang out of our agelong resolve to be free. Having so lately, and at so much cost, defeated the first-named of these destructive tyrants, I suggested that, in our proper attempts to reconstitute and strengthen Europe, we should be very careful not to do anything that might unintentionally serve to effect the destruction he so narrowly failed to achieve. For that would be a disaster for our children and children's children, and, our critics notwithstanding, a disaster for the whole world. For, though we sometimes forget it, we are the historic guardians of an ideal which ennobles and sweetens the harsh life of man—liberty.

All this, however, is merely negative: the preservation from dissolution of that which our fathers so wisely and providentially built. The British Commonwealth is not an end in itself; it is a vehicle for the virtues which the men and women who constitute it can bring to human enrichment. And we are in some danger to-day, not only of destroying through sins of omission the Commonwealth, but of destroying the character of peoples who comprise it. Fortunately, as the events of a few years ago showed very clearly, it is a character that takes a good deal of destroying.

Of what does that character consist?—or, rather, so long as Englishmen are true to themselves, of what should it consist? For on that question so much depends, since it is that character that has made the Empire. First and foremost, I should reply that it consists of a sense of personal independence and the sense of personal responsibility that springs from it. Unless a dominating part of the nation—and in a democracy that means a majority—possesses that sense, the British Commonwealth must ultimately lack it too and fail to assure for the world the advantages that its possession brings. If a majority of our people should become yes-men, queue-men, take-no-risks men, however convenient that might be for the officials, who so painstakingly—and with such a prodigal expense of paper—administer our affairs, it would change the course of our history and of our part in human affairs. It was not yes-men, queue-men, take-no-risks men, who threw down the gauntlet to imperial Spain and the Inquisition, who established the rule of Parliament, founded and peopled the British Empire, forced Revolutionary and Napoleonic France to respect international law and the independence of nations, or, for that matter, brought the brutal Prussian war-lords to book in our own time. There is still work of an English kind to be done in this unregenerate old world of ours, and long is likely to be; and only an England controlled by men of

independence and responsibility will be able to do it. Well-meaning administrators and legislators should always bear that in mind.

For there seems to be a tendency in those who govern us, both from Westminster and Whitehall, to wish to make us less independent. Like the rich and powerful of former days, our politicians and bureaucrats find the independence of those they govern a troublesome virtue. Indeed, they do not appear to regard it as a virtue at all. No rulers ever do. Who, in their execution of duty, ever wishes to be criticised,

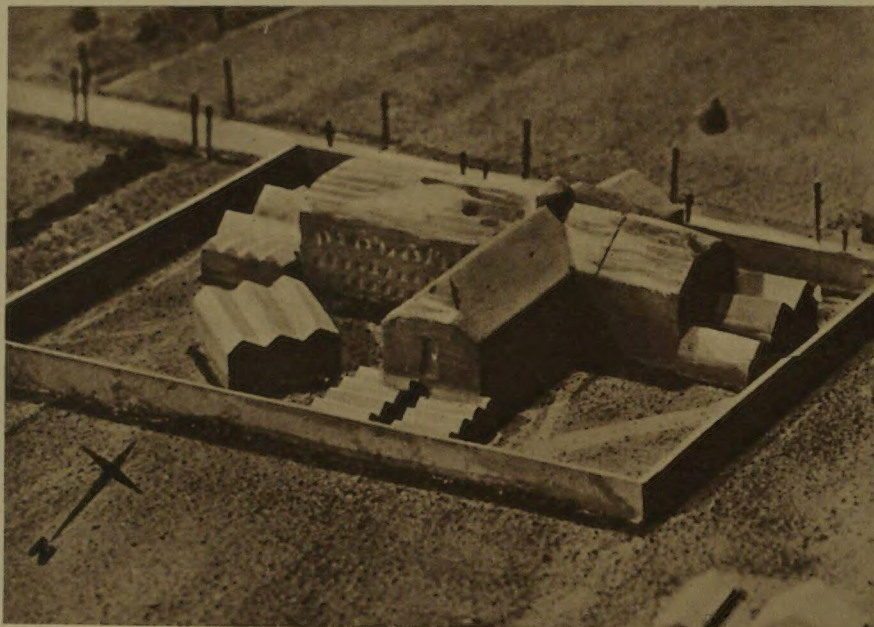
that gives them their powers, are, little by little, doing. Every year, almost every hour, they are reducing the number of independent Englishmen by depriving them of the wherewithal and the will to remain independent. We are becoming, grimly and out of necessity, a rather pallid, harassed-looking, submissive-behaving sort of people, a people who find it, on the whole, best to obey quietly. Under the surface, of course, there is still a deep fund of protestant obstinacy in us, but it is getting rather too far out of sight for my comfort. One realises what is happening when

one sits next, say, in a train, to a couple of Australians or Canadians; their robust faces, assured looks, incautious voices strike one almost with a sense of shock. They remind one of what Englishmen looked and sounded like forty years ago.

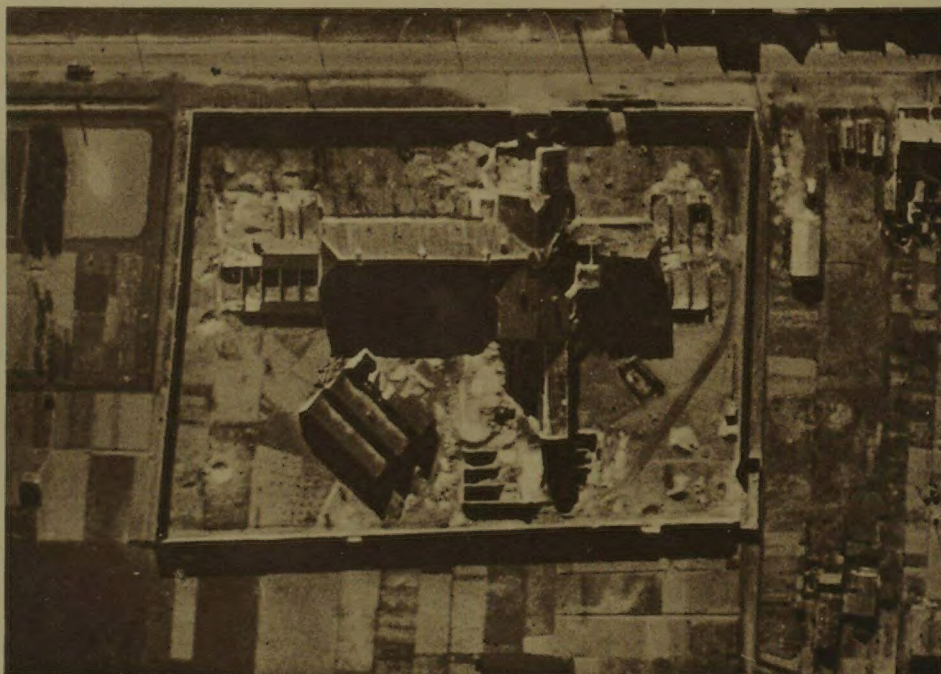
I suggest, that if we are to be true to our destiny and serve the world in the future as we have served it in the past, we have now got to reverse that process. We have got, as a national priority, to re-make a sense of individual independence, and, through individual, corporate independence, for our people—for the bulk of our people. That does not mean that we must go back to the hurly-burly of uncontrolled *laissez-faire*; it was that, indeed, that brought us to our present pass by bringing the very idea of liberty into discredit in the land that was its historic home. Public control of credit and finance, social welfare, a proper regulation of industry, are all, rightly considered, part of the necessary framework of law within which true and universal liberty can alone exist in an imperfect world. But, as an uncle of mine used to say when he was teaching me to sail a boat off the Atlantic coast of Ireland: there is a happy mean

between the coast of Connemara and that of Massachusetts, and one can avoid the one without pointing at the other. Three things seem to be necessary if the idea of personal freedom, and the responsibility that goes with it, are to be restored without destroying the great social achievements of the past half-century. There must be a readiness on the part of the State to allow the subject a greater share of the sum total of national purchasing power; in other words, taxation must be reduced by curbing the needless extravagance of bureaucracy. Our Government departments are as reckless of man-power and material, that is, as prodigal of the nation's resources, as the aristocracy used to be a hundred or more years ago, and on a far vaster scale. That extravagance, by throttling the economic freedom of the individual, is both crippling the national capacity to produce real wealth and undermining the character of the people. There is needed, too, a greater realisation by those who to-day possess power, that is, by the Civil Service—a great, honourable and public-spirited profession—that, in the exercise of power in a free nation, humility and courtesy are saving virtues. If that great lesson—the lesson that all power, if it is to be rightly used, must learn—could be communicated throughout

the Service, and, most of all, where it is most needed, throughout its lowest grades—for it is these that are most in contact with the public—it would have a most salutary effect on our national morale. And lastly, there should be a realisation by all set in authority that the word "Public" has no real meaning unless it is taken to comprise every individual, as an individual, in the body politic. It is the individual that matters, his self-respect, his unbroken spirit, his free and fearless character. The State, as we have understood it for centuries in England, exists to protect and foster him. To put that Christian lesson into practice and to teach it to all mankind is our historic function. Let us return to it!



THE ATTACK ON AMIENS PRISON FEATURED IN THE R.A.F. DISPLAY AT FARNBOROUGH: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MODEL USED FOR BRIEFING THE CREWS OF THE MOSQUITOES WHICH MADE THE RAID IN FEBRUARY, 1944.



AFTER THE RAID WHICH ENABLED SOME SEVENTY FRENCHMEN, CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY THE GERMANS, TO ESCAPE FROM THEIR PRISON: A RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOGRAPH OF AMIENS PRISON; SHOWING BOMB CRATERS AND THE BREACHED WALL (BOTTOM, RIGHT).

On pages 50-51 in this issue we publish a drawing by Bryan de Graineau depicting one of the main events in the R.A.F. Display at Farnborough (July 7 and 8), the attack on Amiens Prison in February, 1944, by three squadrons of Mosquitoes at "deck level," which enabled some seventy Frenchmen under sentence of death to escape into the surrounding countryside. Here we reproduce two photographs from *The Illustrated London News* of November 4, 1944, showing the model used for briefing the crews before the raid, and a general view of the

opposed and obstructed? Men of independent mind do not take to government easily; they insist on knowing the why and wherefore of things; they like to do things in their own way and not merely in the way that others tell them. A nation of Hampdens and Cobbetts sounds all very well in theory, but what would the all-powerful Ministry of This or the Department of That do if it had to administer twenty million Cobbetts or Hampdens? It would try, I fancy, to break their spirits, in order to facilitate its administrative tasks. And that, I am afraid, is precisely what, out of the highest motives, our Ministries, and our over-busied, and sometimes unreflecting Legislature

IN THE "LAND OF MORNING CALM," WHERE WAR HAS BROKEN OUT: VIEWS OF SEOUL.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING THE GREAT THOROUGHFARE WHICH TRAVERSES IT: AN AIR VIEW OF SEOUL, CAPITAL OF SOUTHERN KOREA, WHICH WAS TAKEN BY THE INVADING FORCES OF NORTH KOREA ON JUNE 25.

THE invasion of the Republic of Southern Korea by troops of the People's Republic of North Korea took place on June 25, as recorded in our last week's issue. The announcement that the Security Council had decided to invoke the provisions of the United Nations Charter for the use of military sanctions against the invaders was followed by the news that American fighters and bombers based on Japan were attacking the North Korean forces. This intervention, however, did not suffice to save the capital, which fell on June 28. The Government on June 27 evacuated to the walled city of Suwon and then moved south to Taejon, where a provisional capital was established. Seoul, originally an elliptical walled city, lies on the north side of the swift River Han, in the heart of the ancient kingdom of Korea, known as the "Land of Morning Calm." It was founded in 1392 by the Emperor Yo-Taijo under the name of Han-Yang, the Fortress on the Han, but is always known as Seoul ("Capital"). We illustrate one of the old gates, but as may be seen from our other photographs the city now contains many modern buildings in the Western style.



SHOWING THE WESTERNISED ASPECT OF THE CITY: A GENERAL VIEW OF SEOUL, WHICH IN 1946 HAD A POPULATION OF 1,141,766. IT WAS ORIGINALLY AN ELLIPTICAL WALLED CITY.



RECALLING THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF KOREA: THE SUWON GATE OF SEOUL. THE CITY IS SITUATED ON THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE SWIFT RIVER HAN. ON JUNE 30 GENERAL MACARTHUR'S COMMUNIQUE STATED THAT SOUTH KOREAN FORCES WERE ESTABLISHING LINES ALONG THE SOUTH BANK.



LYING IN A SAUCER-LIKE HOLLOW, SURROUNDED BY MOUNTAINS: SEOUL, FOUNDED IN 1392 BY THE EMPEROR YO-TAIJO, A CITY WHICH HAS BEEN OCCUPIED BY THE INVADING FORCES OF NORTH KOREA.



ILLUSTRATING THE MODERN ASPECT OF THE CAPITAL OF SOUTHERN KOREA AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE CAPITOL BUILDING (CENTRE PORTION), WHICH IS APPROACHED BY A WIDE, TREE-BORDERED AVENUE.

THE events in Korea have been ugly and ominous. On the morning of June 25, troops of Communist Northern Korea crossed the boundary—which is Parallel 38 North—into Southern Korea, the Republic of Korea. This attack came as a complete surprise, and it is to be supposed that resistance was not strong to begin with. The North Korean wireless station at Pyongyang, the capital, announced a state of war, but in Washington, where the news arrived quickly, the first view seems to have been that the aggression might amount to no more than a hostile demonstration. The reasons were that, in a situation where such information should not be difficult to obtain, there had apparently been no reports of military preparations in the north, and that the season, at the beginning of the rains, could not be considered favourable for military operations. In any case, frontier demonstrations, sometimes on a big scale, have been a typical feature of the policy of Communist States.

The situation was, however, quickly realised to be of a graver character. It was learnt that the boundary had been crossed on lines pointing to the capital of Southern Korea, Seoul, that armoured fighting vehicles had been employed, and that a small attack had been carried out by aircraft of Russian type on airfields adjoining the capital. Later reports stated that the aggressors had advanced to the line of the Kinchin River, some thirty-five miles distant from the capital and the only natural obstacle protecting it. There was also some talk of landings on the coast. The line of the Kinchin cannot have held for long; for in the early afternoon of June 26 reports reached London that the Communist advanced guard was within nine miles of Seoul. On the morning of the 27th came news that the Government had quitted the capital, that its forces had ceased attempts to cover the last few miles of the approaches, and that Northern tanks had reached it. This last information was contradicted later, when it was said that the Southerners had made a surprise counter-attack and driven the Communists back and that the Government had decided to hang on in the capital. Then came another report that this counter-attack had expended its force and that the enemy was again at the gates of Seoul.

Much of this early intelligence had an unreliable air. There was, however, one factor about which there was little doubt. The so-called Army of the Republic is said on good authority to be not much more than a gendarmerie, armed with the lightest weapons, whereas that of Northern Korea is believed to be much more formidable, better trained, and more powerfully equipped by the Russians. Though the population of Southern Korea is considerably more than double that of Northern, it did not appear that there was much prospect of prolonged resistance to the invasion without powerful aid from the United States. It was doubtful whether aid in material alone would suffice, and that was all the American Government had made up its mind to give in the first instance. Its situation was extremely difficult and had been so for a year or more, yet an armchair critic cannot avoid the impression that it had done either too much or too little for Korea. Half-way houses are the most dangerous of resorts. The soundest course would seem to have been to decide to go or make the Republic as nearly impregnable as possible.

Soviet troops had quitted Northern Korea some time ago, just as United States troops had quitted Southern. Yet neither Russian nor American influence had gone, and both influences were of a type involving prestige. What it therefore amounts to is that forces from an embryo State very much in the Russian sphere of influence have invaded the territory of another rather less firmly fixed in the American sphere but without any doubt belonging to it; in other words, one of the two most powerful nations in the world has flouted the other through the medium of humble adherents. What makes it more dangerous still is that Southern Korea is so close to Japan and that the United States may well consider that more than prestige is involved, that, in fact, a hostile occupation of Southern Korea cannot be tolerated. I confess I have never been able to make up my mind how much strategic importance

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DANGER FROM KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the United States attributed to Southern Korea, and it is possible that there have been divided views or doubts about the matter in the American Government. When the United States cut losses in China and ceased to provide support for the régime of Chiang Kai-shek against the all-conquering Communists, I suggested here that Southern Korea might not be considered a vital area and might even be abandoned; but neither the recent remarks of Mr. John Foster Dulles nor the reaction to the Communist invasion reported from Japan lent any support to this speculation.

The Security Council met quickly. The Soviet delegate refused to attend, and the Yugoslav abstained from voting, but the Council passed by nine votes to none a resolution calling for the immediate cessation of hostilities and demanding that Northern Korea should withdraw its forces behind the boundary line. There was good reason to fear that this would prove to be a mere formality, since the Communists were already so deeply committed and would hardly have launched their offensive without the approval and support of Soviet Russia. This view proved to be justified. The Communists took no notice of the Security Council. They persisted in their all-out offensive, though

The armed forces of the two great Powers departed, but they left behind them civil and military missions, technical advisers and the rest of the familiar machinery. On the northern side of the frontier there emerged a typical, tightly-organised Communist State. On the southern side was formed the allegedly democratic Republic of Korea. Doubtless it was much more democratic than the other, but Korea is hardly ripe for West European or North American democracy.

The Americans were also, to begin with, more easy-going than the Russians, though lately experience of Korean slackness has led them to take a greater part in the economic administration of the country. Politically, the Koreans showed a disposition to put opponents under lock and key, for which, perhaps, in view of what has happened lately, they are not greatly to be blamed. At all events, whatever else it may have been, the Republic of Korea has lately shown itself to be inefficient on the one hand and repressive on the other.

Writing so far ahead as has to be done for a weekly illustrated paper, I cannot attempt to follow events any further. The affair may have become much worse or been to some extent patched up by the time these lines appear. There is no need to enlarge upon the danger which it involves on the highest level, though my own feeling is that it will probably prove possible to isolate it on this occasion. It might, however, do a great deal of harm in Asia without becoming fatal to world peace. I have spoken already of the possible strategic threat to Japan. In Indo-China the French and their native adherents are watching the situation with acute anxiety. Complete victory for the Communists and a proportionate rebuff for the United

States would have deadly repercussions, at a time when the situation, surprisingly in view of the Communist victories in China, has become a little better than it has been for the past two years. The Japanese, apart from the Communists, are still more perturbed. India and other Asiatic States cannot disregard the menace. They are like spectators at a fire, wondering whether it will spread from the house of its origin to the whole street in which they dwell, but in any case already choked and dirtied by the clouds of black smoke.

I wrote here not long ago that it was impossible for the thinking to forget the peril in which the world stands. The careless can do so from time to time. Then there comes an incident, like the inception of the Berlin blockade, and even more the invasion of Southern Korea, which arouses even them to realities and makes distressingly clear how fragile at the moment are the barriers erected to maintain security and buttress civilisation. It may well be

that this last crisis has been created by Soviet Russia mainly as an experiment from which valuable information may be gained as to the reactions of the United States and of the associated Powers. This would not be the most unwelcome of solutions, because it would mean that Russia did not intend to push-things too far on this occasion, but experiments of this kind are terribly dangerous and may pass out of the control of those who undertake them. Moreover, if the experiment convinced Russia that the United States would not fight for an interest such as that in Southern Korea, she might go on to repeat it elsewhere, let us say in Yugoslavia, and perhaps after that in some still less welcome quarter. That was the Hitlerian technique, which gained so many successes unopposed before the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939. Looking back on Hitler's days, the critics talk as if British and French decisions then should have been easy. Looking in the present at Stalin's days we see how cruelly difficult they are for the leaders of democracies striving to maintain the peace of the world.

The responsibilities are crippling in their weight, because a serious mistake at times like these may have an effect which will be felt for a century. Those who bear this burden are deserving of our sympathy, but we cannot afford to excuse their errors, because these may be too costly. Let us wish them strong hearts, cool heads and sound judgments.

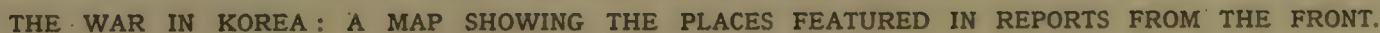


DEFENDER OF SOUTH KOREA: GENERAL MACARTHUR, THE UNITED STATES COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, FAR EAST, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE OF SOUTH KOREA AT THE TIME THAT KOREA WAS PROCLAIMED A REPUBLIC.

At the time of writing the war in Korea is causing anxiety and speculation all over the world. Captain Falls ends his summary of the situation by saying that those who at this time bear the crippling responsibilities are deserving of our sympathy; "let us wish them strong hearts, cool heads and sound judgments." On June 29 General Douglas MacArthur, the United States Commander-in-Chief, Far East, and the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers in Japan, arrived in South Korea by air to study the situation at first-hand. Before his arrival it was announced at his headquarters in Tokyo that units of the Far East air force had struck at targets in South Korea in support of the United Nations resolution invoking sanctions against the Communist-directed attack on the Republic of South Korea. On June 28 Mr. Attlee announced that British naval forces in Japanese waters would be placed at the disposal of the United States authorities. On June 29 no decision had yet been announced as to whether American ground forces would be used in Korea, but the visit of General MacArthur gave rise to much speculation. General MacArthur, who was C.-in-C. of Allied Forces, South-West Pacific Area, during World War II., is seventy years old, but his vigour and bearing would do credit to many a younger man.

this did not necessarily mean that they were bent upon the conquest of the whole of Southern Korean territory.

Korea was annexed by Japan exactly forty years ago, when this country was linked to Japan by alliance. There were no serious protests from the world at large; nor does resentment among the Koreans themselves, except for a small minority, appear to have been bitter. Korean troops served with the Japanese in the Second World War, and some of them earned an unenviable reputation by their conduct as custodians of prisoners-of-war camps. At the Cairo Conference in 1943 it was decided that one of the Allied war aims should be that of detaching Korea from its conqueror and giving it full independence. Since then its history has borne a certain sinister resemblance to that of Germany. It was divided into zones of occupation between the United States and Russia, the ostensible intention being that it should shortly be unified, the original scheme of keeping it under international tutelage for a few years having been abandoned. Then, just as occurred in Germany, the prospects of unity became more and more remote; the temporary and unnatural zone boundary solidified into a frontier, a military frontier at that; on either side of it the populations were gradually formed into separate and unfriendly States. Russia would not permit free elections, well knowing that the majority against Communism would be great in the country as a whole, and overwhelming in Southern Korea.



Communist troops back to Uijongbu. Meanwhile American transport aircraft landed at Kimpo Airport and took off some 460 Americans and other foreigners under U.S. fighter cover. A number of enemy *Yak*-type aircraft were shot down during this operation. On June 28 the Communist forces rallied and, driving down on Seoul, captured the city and continued their advance along the two railways leading south; Kimpo airfield was in Communist hands and Port Incheon was said to be untenable. American bombers and fighters destroyed six out of the ninety Russian-built tanks deployed by the North Koreans during this advance and a U.S. task force arrived off the port of Pusan. An air attack was also made on troop concentrations and railway yards in the vicinity of Munsan. On June 29 U.S. *Superfortresses* bombed Kimpo airfield, and it was reported that North Korean tanks had been ferried across the River Han, the last natural barrier on the road to Taejon, the U.S. Air Force base in South Korea and the new seat of the Government.



A MODERN VERSION OF ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE EXPLOITS OF R.A.F. AND DOMINION

One of the main events of the Royal Air Force Display at Farnborough (July 7 and 8) is a representation of the attack on Amiens Prison by three Mosquito Squadrons—one British, one Australian, and one New Zealand—of the 2nd Tactical Air Force, led by the late Group-Captain P. C. Pickard, D.S.O., D.F.C., on February 18, 1944. Using this dramatic and inspiring incident as an introduction, the potentialities of air power in other fields of activity are demonstrated. Lying in the prison were over 100 Frenchmen under sentence of death whose lives depended on the success of the attack.

The plan was to break down the prison walls with bombs and also destroy the parts of the building where the German guards and Gestapo officials were quartered. The Mosquitos carried out their attack at a very low level and the walls were breached, enabling over seventy of the Frenchmen to escape into the surrounding countryside, where friends were waiting to give aid. Two Mosquitos and two of the Tempest fighters which gave air cover were lost in the operation. In the display Mosquitos attack the prison building and breach the walls, and as the prisoners run out a Handley-Page Hastings long-range

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



AIRMEN: THE ATTACK ON AMIENS PRISON STAGED IN THE R.A.F. DISPLAY AT FARNBOROUGH.

transport aircraft parachutes arms to them. "A Hadrian glider lands, and with a full load of rescued men is "snatched" by a Dakota and towed away. Meanwhile, Spitfires patrol overhead to beat off attacks by enemy aircraft, and two helicopters land to pick up stragglers. It was arranged that the display should culminate in a massed fly-past of 225 aircraft in which six Commonwealth countries, the United States of America, France, the Netherlands and Belgium would be represented. Radio-telephone conversations between the pilots in the air, and instructions to them from the ground are

relayed over loud-speakers to the public enclosures, and during the formation aerobatics by five Vampire jet fighters spectators hear the leader's orders to the other four pilots in the team. Similarly, during the "crazy" flying demonstration, in which a "pupil," flying a Chipmunk trainer, makes clumsy and hair-raising attempts to copy the polished manoeuvres of an instructor in a similar aircraft, the instructor's directions and the pupil's comments can be heard. Other events depict an attack by R.A.F. Regiment armoured cars on an enemy strong-point with air support, and the defence of an airfield.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

NATIVES IN THE GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

A GARDEN might be defined as a piece of ground from which almost all native indigenous plants have been banished, and in which alien vegetation is cherished. The natives get even with the gardener by plaguing him with an everlasting fight to keep them in banishment. Their methods of invasion are subtle and persistent. Things like thistles, groundsel, sow-thistle and dandelion return as airborne divisions, thousands of them wafted in as seed from the wild on their feathery parachutes. Others smuggle themselves in in farmyard manure; and some, less mobile than the parachutists, seem to lie doggo in the soil, almost indefinitely, ready to germinate whenever they are brought to the surface by the spade—chickweed, charlock and the rest. Garden soil seems to remain for ever stiff with such seeds. Certain indigenous plants, however, are even more subtle than this. By sheer merit and native beauty, they persuade man to bring them from the wild and grow them among his alien garden plants. Primroses, lily-of-the-valley, Solomon's seal, and the spring gentian, *Gentiana verna*, have accomplished this. Now and then, having entered man's service and become domesticated, they put on party manners, and assume new colours or produce bigger and better flowers. Or they become fat, succulent and fit for the table. The primrose has given us the sumptuous polyanthus; the wild cabbage of the cliffs of Dover, all the garden brassica tribe, including brussels sprouts; and wild asparagus from Cornish cliffs, the aldermanic asparagus of our dreams. A wild plant must be something very good indeed to hold its own, unaltered by domestication, among cultivated garden plants in its own country.

I remember when I first came upon the lovely Glory of the Sun, *Leucocoryne*, in the flower market in Valparaiso, and later wild at Coquimbo, I did a lot of hard thinking before deciding to spend time and treasure in collecting its bulbs and seeds in large quantity for English gardens. What finally decided me—apart from its undoubted personal beauty—was that here was a native wild flower holding its own in the open market and in its own country, in competition with masses of carnations, tuberoses, *Iris susiana*, scabious, gladioli, roses, etc. That was the acid test, and I went ahead. Glory of the Sun

with its heads of cool, clear, lilac blossom. It grows well in a border in my garden, shaded from the east and south, and so only getting afternoon sunshine. The soil is on the heavy side. That is the nearest I can give it to the dampish conditions that it affects in nature. The flowers, being fully double, are incapable of producing seed, and the plant increases by the simple device of dropping its leaflets on the ground, there to take root and become young plants. I once found this double Lady's Smock growing wild in a damp meadow in Hertfordshire, and from a scrap



REGINALD FARRER'S FAVOURITE NATIVE PLANT: THE BIRD'S-EYE PRIMROSE (*Primula farinosa*). With flowers of many shades of rosy lilac with a brisk yellow eye, it is covered in all its parts with a meal which varies from silver to pale gold. In those northern uplands in which it is locally common, it seems to have a genius for siting itself to best effect.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

which I took have grown it for many years.

When and where the double Ragged Robin first occurred I do not know. I grew it many years ago, lost it, and was delighted to be given a root by a neighbour a year or two ago. Growing a foot or so high, its heads of flowers are dense tassels of many narrow, lacinated petals of a clear, warm pink, in May. Like the double Lady's Smock, it prefers dampish conditions or, failing that, a cool aspect, and loam which is fairly rich in humus. The double Ragged Robin is often lost through neglect. It should be lifted, split up, and replanted directly after flowering, at least every other year.

The same applies to that other double-flowered native, *Lychnis viscaria splendens* fl. pl., with its heads of strong, rose-claret flowers like double stocks. Left undivided, it soon deteriorates and even dies out, and the only time to do it is after flowering.

The double meadow Saxifrage, *Saxifraga granulata* fl. pl. flowers in May or June. Nine-inch stems with heads of snow-white, very double blossom, which are showy and popular, but just a little

on the heavy, lumpy side. The natural, single-flowered type is more truly beautiful, and yet not quite a garden plant. It is easily increased by means of the many small, bulb-like granules which form at the base of the parent plant. Every one of these will grow. After flowering, the whole plant withers away, stem, leaves and all. This often leads to friction between nurserymen and amateurs. Folk see and fall for it on rock-garden exhibits at Chelsea, and sometimes the nurseryman sends the plants, still in flower, within a week or two. Shortly after, they die off and disappear. It is then that the nurseryman receives a letter saying that the saxifrages he sent are already dead, and that he too deserves death—or worse. Believe me, and believe your nurseryman too, if you can, the plant is not dead—but sleeping. In a few weeks there will

be a colony of crisp, kidney-shaped leaves, and next May the fine heads of snowy blossom.

It is surprising to discover, on reflection, what an immense number of fine garden plants are British natives, some in their original natural state, and some freak forms collected in the wild and brought into cultivation and propagated. Some, too, like the polyanthus, derived from the common primrose, and the Shirley poppy, evolved from the field poppy. One could furnish and plant quite an extensive and attractive rock garden with nothing but British alpine and rock plants. Among the first to be chosen would be *Gentiana verna* (a native, but on no account to be collected); the lovely mountain avens, *Dryas octopetala*; the purple *Saxifraga oppositifolia*; the blue forms of the wood anemone; the rock rose, *Helianthemum*; *Viola tricolor* and *V. lutea*; the brilliant blue milkwort, *Polygala calcarea*—one of the finest rock-garden plants we have; the Cheddar pink, *Dianthus caryophyllus*; *Myosotis rupicola*, the pigmy forget-me-not, so much more satisfactory in cultivation than the notorious *Eritrichium*; the enchanting bird's-eye primrose, *Primula farinosa*, so easy to raise from seed; these are only a few of the more obvious species which come first to mind. There are many, many more.

Among trees and shrubs it is the same. There are natives which can hold their own in the garden among the most exalted aliens. The silver birch and the whitebeam (*Sorbus aria*) are among these; the birch for sheer grace and the whitebeam for flashing silver in the wind. Among British shrubs I can name three which should most certainly be persuaded to return from exile to cultivation in the garden. The common Spindle Tree, *Euonymus europæus*, brilliant in autumn with its pink berries, splitting to show their orange seeds; Gorse, *Ulex europæus*, golden-flowered and musky-scented, especially the double-flowered variety which, even if it produces no seed-pods to pop and crackle on hot summer days, makes a more brilliant show in the garden than the normal single. It is, in fact, one of the most splendid of all golden-flowered shrubs. Lastly, the common Barberry, *Berberis vulgaris*. With its graceful branches roped with translucent scarlet berries it is the most magnificent member of all its family. I say that



PERHAPS THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF NATIVE FLOWERING TREES: THE BIRD CHERRY (*Prunus padus*). ON UPLAND SLOPES IN NORTHERN ENGLAND, WHERE IT IS NOT UNCOMMON, IT REACHES A GREAT SIZE AND COMBINES A Gnarled Distinction with Showers of Blossom.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

advisedly. Years ago I went with a friend, at berberis-time, to Aldenham, where they had what was probably the finest collection of berberis species in the country. We inspected hundreds of bushes, all the finest Chinese species, and their hybrids, and all in full fruit. Then we spotted, fifty yards away, a bush blazing with juicy scarlet. The finest, the most brilliant in the whole collection. We hurried to note the name of this wonder of wonders. The label read "*Berberis vulgaris*"—and that is what it was. The common British Barberry.



THE COMMON SINGLE-FLOWERED MEADOW SAXIFRAGE (*S. granulata*), OF WHICH THE DOUBLE FORM (WHOSE 9-IN. STEMS CARRY "HEADS OF SNOW-WHITE, VERY DOUBLE BLOSSOM") IS NOT UNCOMMON, IN GARDENS. AS MR. ELLIOTT SAYS, THE COMMON FORM, WHILE MORE TRULY BEAUTIFUL, IS "YET NOT QUITE A GARDEN PLANT."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

has since made good in America, especially California, and that has been an even more acid test. Some day some clever and enterprising fellow will help it to make good in this country. There is another ruse by which British wild plants sometimes get themselves accepted as garden-worthy. Not quite gaudy or important enough for polite garden society, they do something funny about it. They produce bigger flowers, double flowers, or flowers of a different colour. Few gardeners can resist the element of novelty, even if they grow tired of it in the end.

Three such plants are the double forms of the Lady's Smock, or Cuckoo-flower, *Cardamine pratensis*; the Ragged Robin, *Lychnis flos-cuculi*; and the Meadow Saxifrage, *Saxifraga granulata*. The double Lady's Smock flowers in May, a charming plant



H.M.S. *TRIUMPH*: A LIGHT FLEET AIRCRAFT CARRIER OF 13,190 TONS. COMPLETED 1946, AND ARMED WITH 39-44 AIRCRAFT. FULLY INSULATED FOR TROPICAL SERVICE.



H.M.S. *KENYA*: AN 8000-TON CRUISER OF THE "FIJI" CLASS, COMPLETED 1940, AND NOW FINISHING REFIT AT HONG KONG. SHE HAS NINE 6-IN. GUNS AND A SPEED OF 31.5 KNOTS.



H.M.S. *JAMAICA*: AN 8000-TON CRUISER OF THE SAME CLASS AND ARMAMENT AS *KENYA*. COMPLETED IN 1942 AND CARRYING A PEACETIME COMPLEMENT OF 730.



H.M.S. *BELFAST*: THE FLAGSHIP OF REAR-ADMIRAL W. G. ANDREWES. AN 11,550-TON CRUISER, WITH TWELVE 6-IN. GUNS AND A.A. ARMAMENT. LIKE THE "SOUTHAMPTON" CLASS.



H.M.S. *CONCORD*: A 1710-TON DESTROYER OF THE "C" CLASS, TO WHICH ALSO BELONG *COSSACK*, *COCKADE*, *COMUS*, *CHARITY*, *CONSORT* AND *CONSTANCE*, ALL IN THE FAR EAST.



H.M.S. *MORECAMBE BAY*: A 1600-TON FRIGATE OF THE "BAY" CLASS, WITH FOUR 4-IN. GUNS. THERE ARE EIGHT OTHER FRIGATES IN THE FAR EASTERN FLEET.



H.M.S. *BLACK SWAN*: A 1470-TON FRIGATE OF THE CLASS OF THE SAME NAME. ARMED WITH SIX 4-IN. AND TEN SMALLER GUNS. A FRIGATE OF PROVED SUCCESSFUL DESIGN.



H.M.S. *ALERT*: ADMIRAL SIR PATRICK BRIND'S FLAGSHIP. ORIGINALLY A FRIGATE OF THE "BAY" CLASS, BUT REFITTED TO SERVE AS A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S YACHT.

On June 28, Mr. Attlee interrupted the routine business of the House of Commons to make a statement on the Korean situation, in the course of which he said: "We have decided to support the United States action in Korea by immediately placing our naval forces in Japanese waters at the disposal of the United States authorities to operate on behalf of the Security Council in support of Southern Korea. Orders to this effect have already been sent to the Naval Commander-in-Chief on the spot." The C-in-C., Far Eastern Fleet, is Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, and the fleet consists

of twenty-two ships, most of which are already in Japanese waters, and although some of these will be presumably required for our existing commitments, it would appear likely that a large number will come under American command for the time being. The Far Eastern Fleet—of which we show above some typical units—consists of the carrier *Triumph*, the cruisers *Belfast*, *Jamaica*, *Kenya*; the destroyers *Cossack*, *Cockade*, *Comus*, *Charity*, *Consort*, *Constance* and *Concord*; eight frigates, the C-in-C.'s yacht *Alert*, the aircraft maintenance ship *Unicorn*, and the hospital ship *Maine*.

WAR IN KOREA: INCIDENTS IN THE STRUGGLE AND SOUTH KOREAN TROOPS IN TRAINING.



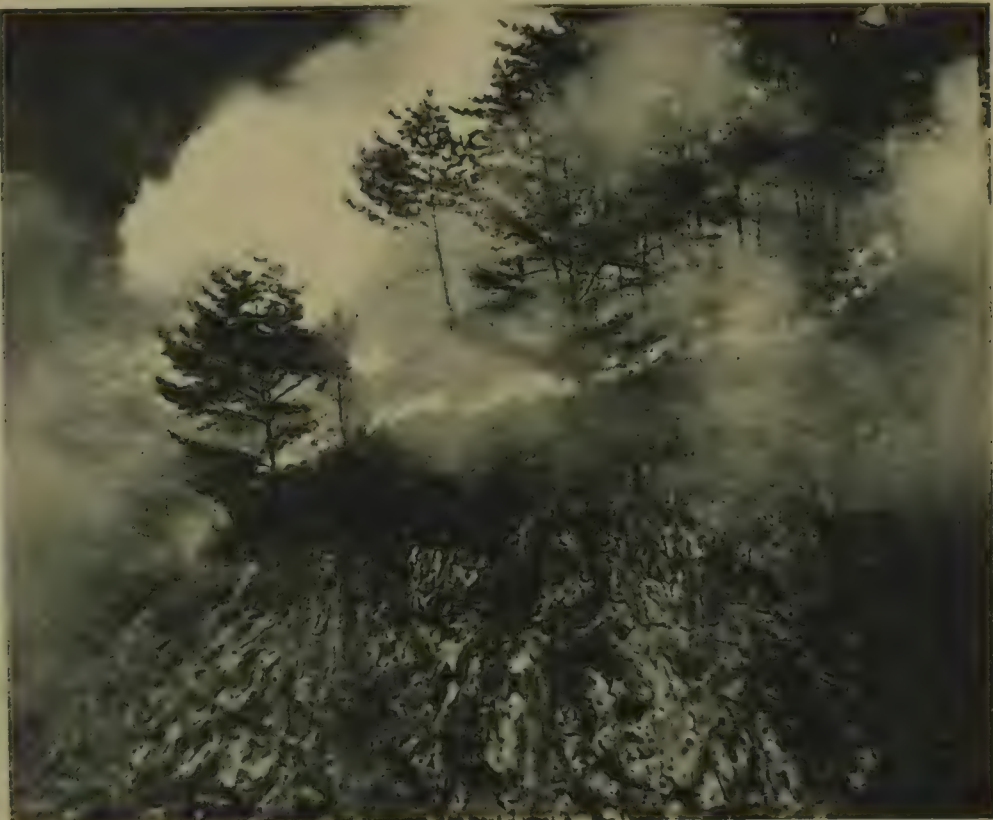
ABLAZE ON THE AIRFIELD AT SUWON: A U.S. SKYMASTER TRANSPORT DESTROYED IN A RAID BY NORTH KOREAN YAK-TYPE FIGHTERS ON THE U.S. AIR BASE.



AN AIRPORT WHICH HAS CHANGED HANDS IN KOREA: A VIEW OF KIMPO AIRPORT, SHOWING THE GUARDS OF HONOUR DRAWN UP FOR THE DEPARTURE OF GENERAL ROBERTS.



TRAINING THE SOUTH KOREAN ARMY: A U.S. ARMY OFFICER (LEFT) AND COLONEL CHUNG YOUNG QUESTIONING A MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT ABOUT THEIR WEAPON.



THE SCORCHED EARTH: A FOREST SET ON FIRE ON THE BORDER BY NORTH KOREAN TROOPS SHORTLY BEFORE THEY INVADDED THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH KOREA.



IN A DEFENCE POST ON THE 38TH PARALLEL: A SOUTH KOREAN GUN DETACHMENT RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE GUN-POSITION OFFICER BEFORE THE INVASION.

On other pages in this issue we describe the course of the war in Korea in conjunction with a map and views of Seoul, the capital of the Republic of South Korea. On this page we illustrate an incident of the fighting when, during General MacArthur's visit to the front, the airfield at Suwon was bombed and machine-gunned by a force of Yak-type fighters which set a grounded U.S. Skymaster transport aircraft on fire before being driven off by American jet fighters. General MacArthur watched the brief air battle and then drove off to within a half-mile of



MANNING A DEFENCE LINE WHICH PROVED INEFFECTIVE IN HOLDING UP THE NORTH KOREAN INVADERS: SOUTH KOREANS IN AN ARTILLERY COMMAND POST.

the firing-line, where he was recognised and cheered by the South Korean troops. Our photograph of Kimpo airfield was taken on June 15 and shows the guards of honour mounted by units of the South Korean Air Force, Navy and Army and military police on the departure of the U.S. General W. L. Roberts, who for the last two years has been responsible for organising and training the Republic's security forces. A battalion of U.S. infantry was sent by air from Japan to Korea on June 30.

WAR IN KOREA: DEFENSIVE POSITIONS ALONG THE KOREAN FRONTIER BEFORE THE INVASION.



A VIEW OVER THE 38TH PARALLEL: SOUTH KOREAN SENTRIES IN A DUG-OUT OVERLOOKING A RIVER, BEYOND WHICH LIES THE TERRITORY OF NORTH KOREA.



WATCHING THE TERRITORY OF NORTH KOREA AFTER A SKIRMISH WITH A BAND OF COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS: A SOUTH KOREAN SENTRY AT A LONELY OUTPOST.

For some time before the full-scale attack was launched on June 25, Communist guerilla bands had been attempting to infiltrate through the South Korean defensive line along the 38th Parallel—the frontier between the two Korean States. When the invasion was first reported, it was thought that it was merely another foray by a small force which could be handled by the strong-points established along the border. However, the gun-emplacements and machine-gun posts crumbled before the onslaught



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS WHO ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE BORDER PRIOR TO THE LARGE-SCALE INVASION: A SOUTH KOREAN SENTRY AIMING HIS RIFLE.



TAKING BEARINGS FROM AN OBSERVATION POST ABOVE THE VALLEY: SOUTH KOREAN ARTILLERY OFFICERS SURVEYING ENEMY TERRITORY FROM A HILL-TOP AT ONGJIN BEFORE THE INVASION.



PART OF THE DEFENSIVE LINE WHICH CRUMBLLED BEFORE THE NORTH KOREAN ARMoured AND ARTILLERY ONSLAUGHT: A SOUTH KOREAN HEAVY MACHINE-GUN POST ON THE HILLS.

of armour and artillery and the drive on Seoul could not be halted. The use of U.S. aircraft was at first confined to bombing and machine-gunning North Korean concentrations and transport south of the frontier, but on June 30 it was reported that General MacArthur had given orders for targets to be engaged in enemy territory, and Moscow radio claimed that twenty-seven U.S. bombers had raided Pyongyang, the North Korean capital.

THE RAPHAELS OF THE FLOWERS.

"The Art of Botanical Illustration"; By WILFRID BLUNT, with the assistance of WILLIAM T. STEARN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE Editor's Preface to this latest sumptuous addition to the New Naturalist Series explains clearly its aim. "Plant illustration ranges from the purely botanical to the purely artistic, from a drawing of a magnified root-section to a water-colour of a vase of roses. Between these two extremes lies a vast body of drawings and paintings with a combined scientific and æsthetic appeal—botanical records which are at the same time works of art. It is the history and development of this type of plant illustration that Mr. Blunt has, for the first time, explored and recorded in the present volume. . . . His aim has been to select illustrations that enrich, and do not merely embellish, the text."

Mr. Blunt's book certainly comes at a suitable time. He remarks that twenty or thirty years ago "there was on the part of the general public almost complete apathy with regard to flower-painting"—I take it he refers to older works, for there have been flower-painters of our own time, such as Francis James, Lady Patricia Ramsay and Cedric Morris, whose work has been highly esteemed—though perhaps they are not quite "botanical" enough! "Fine Dutch flower-pieces sold for ridiculously small prices; splendid flower-books illustrated with sumptuous colour-plates could be had for a song; for more strictly scientific botanical books and drawings there was virtually no market at all. Only the incunabula herbals, valued as examples of early printing, aroused the cupidity of collectors." There was a sudden change. All colour-books came into fashion—whether the plates were of Militia uniforms of 1790, or Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, or flowers. The rage had some deplorable results; beautiful things were turned into table-mats and lamp-shades, and books were ruthlessly broken up because the illustrations separately would bring the booksellers more than the volumes as a whole: I suppose that if thousands of ancient bricks sold separately would fetch more than a whole house, many a manor-house would rapidly vanish; even with the money-motive absent I have heard of a country parson dismembering illuminated manuscripts because the pages made such pretty Christmas cards for his friends. As for the flowers, in how many country houses has one not seen staircases, bedrooms and bathrooms adorned with plates severed from "So-and-so's Flora." The number of intact colour-plate books must be diminishing annually.

The scope of the book is remarkable: the author ranges from palæolithic man to such modern artists as John Nash and Clare Leighton. Early man (a palæolithic plant-form scratched on bone is illustrated here) made little attempt to draw plants, taking on the more difficult task of depicting animals because (it is maintained) he wished to cast a spell upon his game. In early Egypt, Mesopotamia and Greece the human figure was finely portrayed before much interest was displayed in plants and "Even in the Far East, figure-painting seems to have preceded flower-painting." The domestication of plants led to their representation; the production of the medical herbal led to their wholesale depiction and the habit of floral books. In ancient civilisations, flowers in art were chiefly used as decorations or backgrounds; the palm-trees on a Cretan jar of 1800 B.C. are evidently palm-trees, but very much stylised. The earliest picture here which conforms to modern standards of botanical drawing is an outline from a water-colour in a Codex of the botanist Dioscorides, A.D. 512. Of this manuscript Mr. Blunt says that "it displays a standard of excellence in plant drawing that was not to be surpassed for a thousand years."

The manuscript had a strange and perilous history. It was presumably produced in Constantinople, and in 1423 a Sicilian traveller saw it in a monastery there. A hundred and forty years later it was again seen by Busbecq, Ambassador of the Emperor Ferdinand I. to the Court of Suleiman the Magnificent. He wanted to add it to the "whole waggonfuls, whole shiploads" of Greek manuscripts which he was sending to Vienna, but the Jew—Suleiman's doctor—who owned it asked "a sum for the Emperor's purse, not mine." Seven



A "SPIRITED DRAWING OF A BRAMBLE (*Rubus fruticosus*) . . . WHICH MAY BE COMPARED . . . WITH LEONARDO DA VINCI'S STILL MORE FAMOUS DRAWING AT WINDSOR."

This water-colour drawing is reproduced from the Codex Vindobonensis of Dioscorides' *De Materia Medica*, which is in the National Library at Vienna, and which dates from A.D. 512. The plant drawings, however, have "a naturalism alien to Byzantine art of that period . . . (and) are derived from originals of a much earlier date—as early, at least, as the second century A.D."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Art of Botanical Illustration"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Wm. Collins, Sons and Co. Ltd.

years after that (though it is not known whether the purchaser was Busbecq or the Emperor himself) it did find a safe home in the Imperial Library. Safe for some centuries, that is: after the First World War the Italians looted it and took it to Venice; it has now been returned to Vienna. I wonder if the whole ms. has ever been reproduced in facsimile: it would obviously be worth doing, judging by the specimen drawings here, which include a superb water-colour of a bramble.

Latin herbals were produced, and the illuminators were beginning to use flowers in their borders, but there was a decline and "the characteristics of the twelfth-century style were a symmetry and formalism which carried botanical illustration so far in the direction of abstraction that most of the plants became totally unrecognisable."

Then, gradually, there was a return to nature, and flower and foliage, naturalistically treated, began to

spread, over capital, canvas and page; one of the most notable mediæval paintings is of a Martagon Lily, and comes from an early fifteenth-century Venetian Herbal in the British Museum. Liberties however were still taken. Of one famous illuminator, who certainly knew a great deal about plants, it is said: "We must not forget, however, that Bourdichon, for all his love of flowers, was an artist first and a botanist after: he does not hesitate to distort a stem or a leaf in order to fill his picture space more happily; worse still, he does not even shrink from painting the snowdrop and the carnation his favourite shade of blue." Two of his flowers are shown here, and are certainly beautiful and lifelike:

they are a guelder-rose and a broad bean.

With Leonardo (some of whose drawings from Windsor Castle are here reproduced) we come to a great representational draughtsman; with Dürer's "*Das Grosse Rasenstück*" we encounter a painting

which is "the first ecological study ever made." This, the only unchallenged flower-painting by Dürer, "shows the worm's-eye view of a foot or so of meadow turf, each blade of grass, each leaf, each dandelion flower drawn with masterly precision and wonderful tenderness." Even in reproduction it is utterly beautiful. We come, at this time, to the earliest printed herbals. Their authors were sometimes rather credulous; they mingled fact and fancy, and one of them produced a Narcissus with symbolic boys in the flowers, which, as Mr. Blunt says, would be suitable for inclusion in Edward Lear's "Nonsense Botany," from which the "Manypeepia Upsidownia" is here delightfully reproduced. Of these and later herbals a comprehensive account is given. Our own most famous herbalist, Gerard (who "not only swallowed the story of the goose-bearing barnacle-tree, but claimed personal experience of it"), took almost all his pictures, except that of the potato, from his predecessors. The woodcuts declined; the great Dutch flower-painters came on; then in the eighteenth century we meet a succession of fine books with coloured plates, culminating in Thornton's superb "Temple of Flora" (1799), in which the plates, by Reinagle and others, are so fine that, for one of them ("Roses"), collectors are willing to pay £50. The eighteenth century also produced an eminent delineator in another medium. Mrs. Delany (of whom Burke said that she was the highest-bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages) made paper mosaics of flowers, of which Sir Joseph Banks said that "he would venture to describe botanically any plant from Mrs.

Delany's imitations without the least fear of committing an error."

To give even a summary of the artists, authors and works, from many countries, which are here described, would be impossible. Mr. Blunt modestly states that he hasn't covered the whole ground; but nobody but a specialist could possibly know that. One can but thank him for a delightful encyclopædic history, and look forward to another promised book. "Throughout the ages," he says, "the flower-painter has been tossed like a shuttlecock between the scientist on the one hand and the lover of the beautiful on the other. His art, like the art of opera, is not a pure one: he has to reconcile two conflicting ideals and contrive to effect a compromise. The true artist—the mere artist,

if I may so call him: a painter like Renoir or Fantin-Latour—will succeed in giving you the exact impression of the hundred petals of a rose, and the artist is satisfied. But the botanist is not; he cannot count the petals, comprehend the structure. Had this book been a history of flower-painting, not a history of botanical illustration, the work of the great still-life painters of Holland and France would have called for detailed treatment; this, however, must wait for the sequel to this volume—the history of the use of flowers in painting and design."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 76 of this issue.



MR. WILFRID BLUNT, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mr. Blunt, who is a cousin of the late Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the poet, traveller and orientalist, and brother of Professor Anthony Blunt, the Surveyor of the King's Pictures, was born in 1901. From 1923 to 1938, he was art master at Haileybury and has been art master at Eton since then. He is also the author of "Desert Hawk," a biography of Abd el Kader (1947).

BY GIACOMO LIGOZZI (c. 1547-1626), AN ARTIST OF VERONA "WHO HAS NO OTHER CARE DAY OR NIGHT BUT TO PAINT PLANTS AND ANIMALS OF EVERY KIND": FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE, OF AN ANEMONE (*A. coronaria*).

"PERHAPS THE ONLY SURVIVING EXAMPLE OF THE 'MANY FLOWERS DRAWN FROM LIFE' WHICH LEONARDO MENTIONS HAVING MADE IN HIS EARLY YEARS": LEONARDO DA VINCI'S STUDY OF A MADONNA LILY (c. 1479), FROM THE WINDSOR CASTLE COLLECTION. [Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the King.]

* "The Art of Botanical Illustration." By Wilfrid Blunt, with the assistance of William T. Stearn. 47 Colour Plates, 32 Black-and-White Plates, and 75 Figures in the Text. (Collins: The New Naturalist Series; 21s.)

FROM THE AIR: WIMBLEDON—HUB OF INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS.



LAWNS ON WHICH WORLD TENNIS HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE: THE ALL ENGLAND CLUB AT WIMBLEDON.

Since June 26, 1922, when the first championships opened at the new premises, Wimbledon has been recognised as the Temple of Modern Tennis. But the story of Wimbledon tennis goes back to 1877, and the quiet seclusion of the All England Club in Worple Road, which some forty years later was inadequate to accommodate the thousands who clamoured to see Suzanne Lenglen playing. On this page we show an aerial view of the All England Club, with its sixteen grass courts which we

have numbered. The Centre Court, which is the best-kept grass court in the world, is easily distinguishable by the covered stands for spectators which surround it. In the foreground, marked "H," are the nine hard courts which are not used during the championships. The lawns at Wimbledon are laid with famous Solway turf from the marshes on the English side of the Solway Firth; they are bordered with yew hedges, which prevent the wind from affecting play. (Aerofilms.)

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION DURING THE 1950 L.T.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.



IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT: MISS DORIS HART, OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO IS A BRILLIANT STROKE PLAYER.



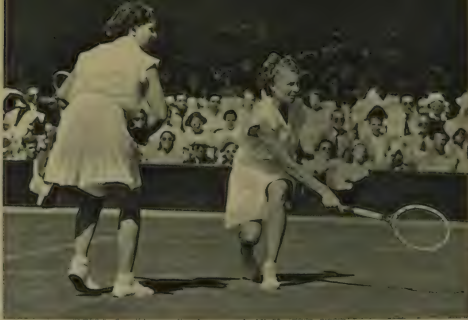
WEARING A LACE-TRIMMED TENNIS DRESS: SENORA M. WEISS, OF BUENOS AIRES, WHO DEFEATED SIGNORA BOSSI, OF ITALY.



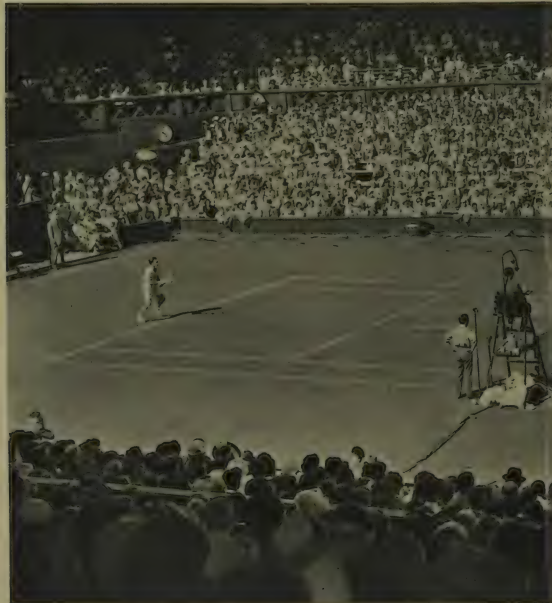
FINALIST TO F. K. SCHROEDER IN 1949: J. DROBNY, OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, WHO IS NOW CARRYING EGYPTIAN COLOURS.

THE Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships of 1950 opened in fine sunny weather on June 26. Lawn tennis seems to be becoming more popular than ever as each season comes round, and although there were no first-round clashes this year, the attendance on the first day was not far short of last year's record of 26,000. All the seeded players won their first-round

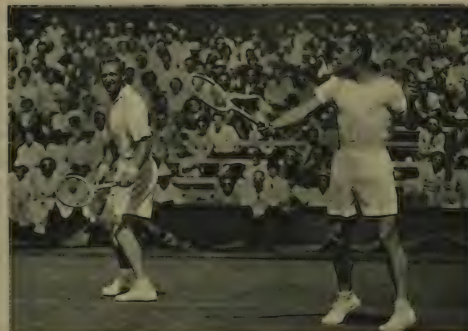
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A WONDERFUL TENNIS PARTNERSHIP: MISS LOUISE BROUGH (RIGHT), WHO WAS CHAMPION IN 1948 and 1949, AND HER COMPATRIOT, MRS. W. DUPONT, SEED NO. 2, IN PLAY.



A MATCH THAT THRILLED THE SPECTATORS: G. E. BROWN, OF AUSTRALIA, AND A. J. MOTTRAM, OF BRITAIN, IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT. BROWN WON A FIVE-SET MATCH.



COMPETING IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES ON THE CENTRE COURT: J. BROWN (SEED NO. 8) AND A. QUIST, OF AUSTRALIA (RIGHT). IN THE SINGLES, A. QUIST DEFEATED I. DORFMAN (SEED NO. 14).



BRITAIN'S ONLY SEEDED PLAYER: MRS. A. J. C. HARRISON (FORMERLY MRS. HILTON) BENDING LOW TO MAKE A RETURN DURING HER MATCH AGAINST MISS NANCY MORRISON, OF AMERICA.



OF BRITAIN, IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT. BROWN WON A FIVE-SET MATCH.



SEED NO. 1: FRANK SEDGMAN, THE TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD AUSTRALIAN, WHO WAS SUFFERING FROM AN INJURED RIGHT WRIST, WHICH WAS BANDAGED.

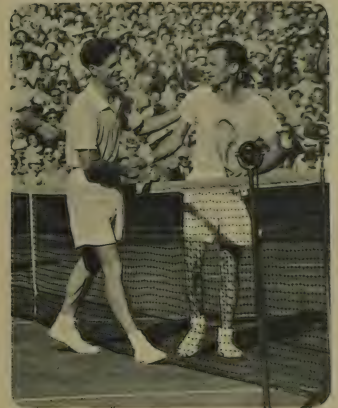
FIGHTING FOR THE 1950 LAURELS: LEADING PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.

men's singles, A. J. Mottram, was defeated on the Centre Court on the fourth day of the championships by Geoffrey Brown, of Australia. With the score at two sets to one in Mottram's favour, British hopes soared, but when he was leading by 3-2 in the third set he served three double faults running, and after that the Australian fought on with renewed vigour until he won by 1-6, 6-2.

(Continued below.)



IN ACTION AGAINST ONE OF HER COMPATRIOTS: MISS NANCY CHAFFEE, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY MISS D. HART.

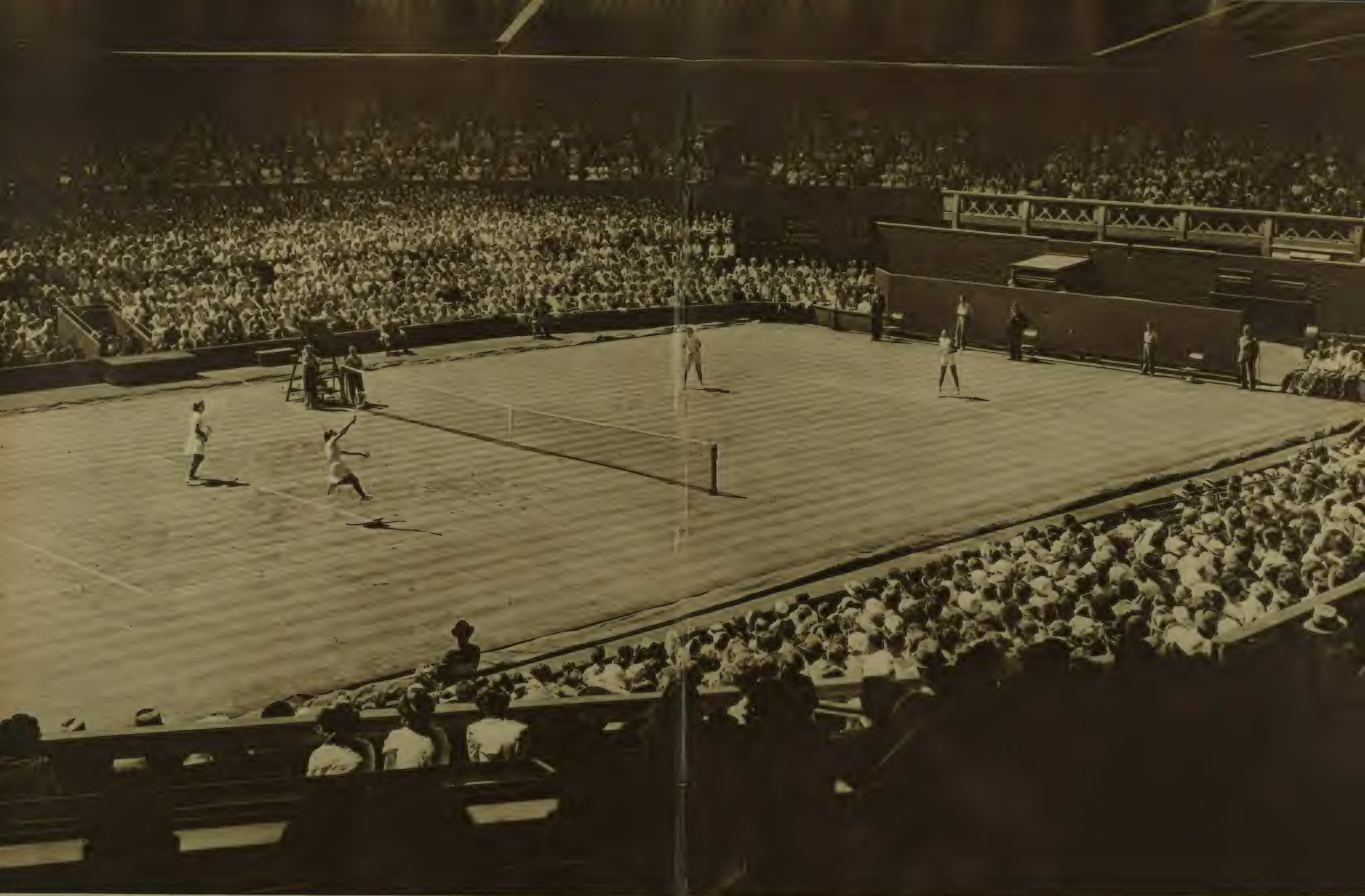


CONGRATULATING THE MAN WHO DEFEATED HIM IN A GREAT MATCH: A. J. MOTTRAM (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH G. E. BROWN.



A GREAT AMERICAN MATCH-PLAYER: H. PATTY, OF CALIFORNIA, WHO IS NOW LIVING IN FRANCE, SEEN IN ACTION AT WIMBLEDON.

5-7, 6-4, 6-3. The unseeded F. Sedgman and K. McGregor (Australia) beat the top seeded pair, G. Mulloy and W. F. Talbot (U.S.), 8-6, 8-6, 8-10, 10-8. By the end of the first week 120 matches in the men's singles had been played, leaving only seven for the last week. In the women's singles there were fourteen survivors, and it seemed probable that Miss I. Brough, the holder, Mrs. W. Dupont and Miss D. Hart had outstanding chances of winning the championship.



WHERE THE WORLD'S TENNIS GIANTS BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY DURING THE WIMBLEDON FORTNIGHT: THE FAMOUS CENTRE COURT, SURROUNDED BY SPECTATORS, DURING A MATCH IN THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES.

Inscribed over the entrance to the Centre Court at Wimbledon are Kipling's celebrated lines: "If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster, And treat those two imposters just the same." These words are wise advice, for it is here that

every year players from all over the world fight their battles for the lawn tennis laurels. This year the draw did not provide last year's unusual results, when some of the leading players met each other on the first day. The 1950 draw

was much more popular among the players, even if it robbed the first day of a little of its brilliance. Our photograph shows a match in progress during the first round of the women's doubles, which drew large crowds to the Centre Court:

in this match Miss G. Moran and Mrs. P. C. Todd, of the United States, beat Mrs. Walker-Smith and Miss Quertier of Great Britain, 6-0, 6-2. Queen Mary was present to watch the play at Wimbledon on July 1.

JORDAN'S NEW COINAGE; THE BASTOGNE MEMORIAL; AND OTHER ITEMS.



NEW U.S. ARMY EQUIPMENT UNDERGOING RIGOROUS TESTS IN THE DESERTS OF CALIFORNIA. IN THE FOREGROUND IS AN IMPROVED GENERAL PATTON TANK (M-46), WHICH HAS A 90-MM. GUN AS ITS PRINCIPAL WEAPON. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE JEEPS, WEAPON-CARRIERS, TRUCKS AND TRACKED VEHICLES OF NEW TYPES.



NOW IDENTIFIED AS THE ORIGINAL SIGN OF THE LONDON ASSURANCE: A STONE STATUE OF BRITANNIA, WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY IDENTIFIED AND RETURNED TO ITS ORIGINAL OWNERS. This statue has been for many years in the possession of the London office of the Commercial Bank of Scotland. During recent repairs it was decided to try and identify it; and it now appears that it was once the original sign of the London Assurance. They acquired it in 1735, gilded it, and it stood for many years in their Cornhill office. In 1845 it was lost sight of, but it has now been returned to the London Assurance by the courtesy of the Commercial Bank of Scotland.



THE NEW CURRENCY OF THE KINGDOM OF THE JORDAN, WHICH ON JULY 1 JOINED THE STERLING AREA: SOME OF THE NEW NOTES.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE NEW COINAGE OF THE KINGDOM OF THE JORDAN: EXAMPLES OF THE SIX DENOMINATIONS (1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, 100 FILS), THE THREE HIGHER OF CUPRO-NICKEL, THE THREE LOWER OF BRONZE.

On July 1, the Hashimite Kingdom of the Jordan joined the Sterling Area and issued her own coinage, the Jordan dinar replacing the Palestine Currency Board note which has been legal tender for the past twenty-three years. The Jordan dinar is the equivalent of the pound sterling. There are five denominations of notes, (50, 10, 5 and 1 dinars, and 500 fils), the four highest bearing the portrait of King Abdullah and also bearing Jordan landscapes. The 5- and 10-dinar notes show the ruins of Petra, and the 50-dinar (not yet ready for issue) will show the port of Akaba.



COMMEMORATING THE STUBBORN BATTLE OF BASTOGNE: THE NEW U.S. MEMORIAL, WHICH IS TO BE DEDICATED ON JULY 16, AS IT STANDS ON A HILL NEAR THE BELGIAN VILLAGE.



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE BASTOGNE MEMORIAL, SHOWING ITS STAR-SHAPED STRUCTURE, WITH THE NAMES OF THE INDIVIDUAL STATES ENGRAVED ON THE PEDIMENT.

The stubborn resistance of the U.S. troops under General McAuliffe at Bastogne to Field Marshal Von Rundstedt's desperate Ardennes drive in the winter of 1944-45, is being commemorated by the memorial we show above. The dedication date is named as July 16, and it is expected that the ceremony will be attended by General Bradley, Mrs. George S. Patton, General McAuliffe and General de Lattre de Tassigny.

THE ROYAL NORFOLK SHOW, HIS MAJESTY AS A PRIZE-WINNER AND OTHER EVENTS.



WATCHING AN UNREHEARSED FLY-PAST OVER THE ROYAL BOX—BY A SWARM OF BEES: THE KING AND QUEEN AND (BACKGROUND, RIGHT) PRINCESS MARGARET.



YOUTHFUL LOYALTY AND ENTERPRISE REWARDED: THE QUEEN CHATTING WITH CHILDREN WHO GOT A NEAR VIEW OF THE ROYAL PARTY—IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.



INSPECTING GOATS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL NORFOLK AGRICULTURAL SHOW: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET DURING THEIR VISIT ON THE SECOND DAY.

This year's Royal Norfolk Agricultural Association Show was a memorable one in the long history of the event. It was held in one of the finest settings which could be found in Norfolk, for his Majesty, the 1950 President, placed the broad acres of Anmer Park on the Royal estate at the disposal of the Association as a showground, the weather was kind, and the King's success with his Red Polls roused much enthusiasm. He took two firsts, and was awarded the King's Lynn Silver Challenge Cup for the best group of three Red Polls. One of the highlights of the proceedings on the second day was the moment when his Majesty the King received the trophy from the hands of her Majesty the Queen, and immediately handed it to his herdsman, Mr. Robert Crow. The King and Queen and Princess Margaret spent a considerable time at the Show ground, both on June 28 and June 29, inspected



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL NORFOLK SHOW: THE KING (BACK TO CAMERA); AND THE QUEEN, BEING GREETED BY LADY BACON, WIFE OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF NORFOLK.



THE QUEEN PRESENTS A TROPHY TO THE KING. HIS MAJESTY WON THE KING'S LYNN SILVER CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE BEST GROUP OF RED POLL CATTLE.

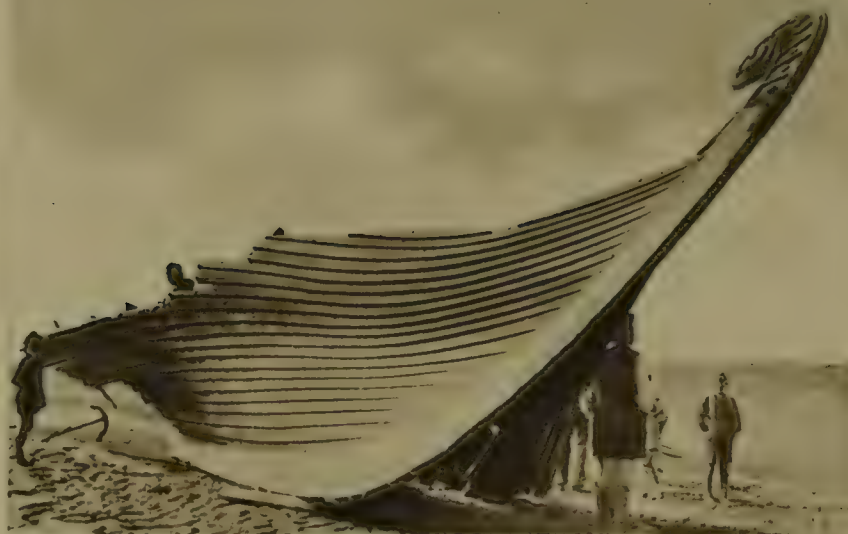
the pedigree stock on view, and watched events in the ring. His Majesty presented the Royal Norfolk Agricultural Society premiums and the Royal Agricultural Society of England's medals to veterans for long service on Norfolk farms; and he also examined farm machinery and farm implements, and watched farriers at work. One premium winner had 63 years service with the same farm or the same employer. The attendance amounted to nearly 70,000 visitors on the two days.

IN THE AIR AND ON THE WATER: ACCIDENT, EXPERIMENT AND RECORD.



AFTER COMING INTO COLLISION WITH THE DANISH FREIGHTER *COLOMBIA*: THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINER *EXCALIBUR*, LOW IN THE WATER AFTER THE IMPACT.

On June 27, the American export liner *Excalibur* and the Danish freighter *Colombia* were in collision off New York shortly after *Excalibur* had left Jersey City with 114 passengers for a Mediterranean cruise. The *Excalibur* was beached off Brooklyn and her passengers disembarked. The *Colombia* caught fire after the collision, but the conflagration was quickly subdued. Our photograph shows the great rent in *Excalibur's* side caused by the impact.



TRAGIC END TO ADVENTURE: THE CARVED AND DECORATED STERN OF THE SWEDISH VIKING SHIP *ORMEN FRISKE* LYING SHATTERED ON THE ISLAND OF PELLWORM.

The *Ormen Friske*, a reconstruction of a Swedish Viking ship, left Birka on June 4, en route for Paris. Built by the Swedish Open-air Sports Association, the ship was not allowed to fly the Association's flag, as the voyage was considered too risky. She was last seen on June 22.



A BALLOON-HOPPING DISPLAY IN YORKSHIRE: THE DEMONSTRATOR DRIFTING TO EARTH SUPPORTED BY A HUGE BUNCH OF GAS-INFLATED BALLOONS.

Balloon-hopping, a feature of pre-war air displays, was abandoned after an accident caused by an electric cable. A display, however, was given recently by a Parachute battalion (T.A.). The hopper had a safety line, and when it broke was brought to earth by a Rugby tackle.



LAYING WIRE BY MEANS OF A RADIO-CONTROLLED ROBOT AIRCRAFT: A TEST DEMONSTRATION BY UNITED STATES ARMY FIELD FORCES IN CALIFORNIA.

A radio-controlled aircraft, originally designed for target practice, is shown taking off on a wire-laying flight during a U.S. Army Field Forces test. It is shot off a catapult, the wire is dropped by a radio-controlled device, and it is claimed that a mile of wire may be laid in 40 secs.



BREAKING THE WORLD WATER-SPEED RECORD AT LAKE WASHINGTON, SEATTLE: THE SPEEDBOAT *SLO-MO-SHUN* TRAVELLING AT 160.3235 M.P.H.

Mr. Stanley S. Sayres, owner of the *Slo-Mo-Shun*, broke the world's water-speed record with a speed of 160.3235 m.p.h. on Lake Washington, on June 26. It has been recognised by the American Power Boat Association. The previous record set up by Sir Malcolm Campbell was 141.74 m.p.h.



BLUEBIRD II. ARRIVES AT CONISTON WATER: MECHANICS UNLOADING THE CRAFT IN WHICH MR. DONALD CAMPBELL IS TO ATTEMPT TO BEAT HIS FATHER'S, AND *SLO-MO-SHUN'S* RECORDS.

Mr. Donald Campbell recently arrived on Coniston Water with his *Bluebird II.*, in order to make an attempt to break the water-speed record (141.74 m.p.h.) set up by his father, the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, in 1939 and also the new American record of 160 m.p.h.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AT THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN COMMEMORATION SERVICE: MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (LEFT-FOREGROUND).
The annual commemoration service of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem was held for the first time outside London on June 25, when it took place at Canterbury Cathedral. Among those who walked in procession to the Cathedral was Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, the film-actor and director, who is a Knight of the Order.



THE DEATH OF A GREAT JOURNALIST AND EDITOR: THE LATE MR. H. A. GWYNNE.

Mr. Howell Arthur Gwynne, Editor of the *Morning Post* from 1911 to 1937, died on June 26 at the age of eighty-five. He was previously editor of the *Standard* from 1904 to 1911, and before that had organised Reuter's war service for the South African War. In 1902 he accompanied Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on his visit to South Africa. Politics were his chief interest, and he made them a lifelong study. His publications included an amusing political novel, "The Will and the Bill" (1923).



AT A MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE CONFERENCE: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

On June 28, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester opened the Annual Conference of the National Association for Maternity and Child Welfare at Friends' House, Euston Road, London. Our photograph shows the Duchess speaking at the conference, which was held in the morning. Miss Dorothy Meynell was in attendance.



IN COMMAND OF THE U.S. SEVENTH FLEET: VICE-ADMIRAL ARTHUR D. STRUBLE.

Commander of the United States Seventh Fleet, based in the Philippines-Cuam area, who was ordered on June 27 to "prevent any attack on Formosa." The Seventh Fleet includes the 27,000-ton aircraft carrier *Valley Forge*, the heavy cruiser *Rochester*, six destroyers, two escort destroyers, and three submarines.



ARRIVING IN TOKYO ON A FACT-FINDING MISSION: MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES AT THE AIRPORT, FOLLOWED BY GENERAL MACARTHUR.

Following an inspection tour of the Republic of South Korea only a few days before the invasion by the North Koreans, Mr. John Foster Dulles, Republican adviser to the U.S. State Department, arrived in Tokyo on a fact-finding mission. He immediately had a talk with General MacArthur and later saw the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Yoshida. Before leaving Seoul, Mr. Dulles addressed the South Korean National Assembly.



C-IN-C. OF THE BRITISH FAR EASTERN FLEET: ADMIRAL SIR PATRICK BRIND.

Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, Commander-in-Chief of the British Far Eastern Station since 1948, has been ordered to place British naval forces in the Far East at the disposal of the United States. He is fifty-five years old, and was President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, 1946-48. In 1945 he commanded cruisers in the British Pacific Fleet.



THE NEW C-IN-C. SOUTH ATLANTIC: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR H. A. PACKER.

Is shortly to take up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic, in succession to Vice-Admiral E. D. B. McCarthy. Vice-Admiral Sir Herbert A. Packer, who received the K.C.B. in the recent Birthday Honours, has been succeeded as Fourth Sea Lord by Vice-Admiral Lord Mountbatten. He is fifty-five years old.



THE ENGLISH TEAM FOR THE WORLD CUP SOCCER TOURNAMENT PLAYED IN BRAZIL. THIS SIDE DEFEATED CHILE IN THEIR POOL B MATCH. ENGLAND LOST TO THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

Our group of the English team for the World Cup Soccer Tournament shows (l. to r.) Aston, Mannion, Ramsey, Hughes, Wright (captain) and Williams and (in front) Mullen, Bentley, Dickenson, Mortensen and Finney. They defeated Chile by 2-0. On June 29 England lost to the United States 1-0. A reorganised side lost to Spain on July 2, and thus failed to qualify for the final stages of the World Cup. The game against Spain was one of the finest Association contests ever seen in Brazil.



THE NEW YUGOSLAV AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: DR. JOSE BRILEJ.

Presented his credentials to the King as Yugoslav Ambassador on June 26. Dr. Brilej, who is thirty, became a Yugoslav assistant Foreign Minister last January. He was previously head of the European section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Belgrade. He is a member of the Central Committee of the Slovene Communist Party.



The World of the Cinema.

TREASURE RE DISCOVERED.

By ALAN DENT.

UNTIL this new film-version came along, "Treasure Island" has been for me one of those boyhood favourites which I have never ventured to re-read or even to re-open. My own old copy of the book has long been lost, and I certainly have not seen it since I was twelve. It was a richly illustrated edition which apparently no longer exists—in the Charing Cross Road, at least. Yet without any effort whatever of the memory I can easily recall those drawings and the captions underneath them. Here they are, more or less in their order:

- (1.) All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope.
- (2.) The very ticking of the clock filled us with alarms.
- (3.) The Death of Pew.
- (4.) I said good-bye to Mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born.
- (5.) What I heard in the Apple Barrel.
- (6.) One raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me.
- (7.) "One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out!"
- (8.) Pieces of Eight.

There were at least two more illustrations, as I remember—one of Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey smoking church-warden-pipes and discussing the expedition, and one of the stockade on the island. But the captions attached to these have refused to come back to memory, even on my re-reading the book in a new edition without pictures.

A very few notes will make this list of recollected plate-titles a sufficient synopsis of "Treasure Island" for any who, like myself, have not read Stevenson's wonderful tale since childhood. The figure in (1) is that of Captain Billy Bones, who lived with Mrs. Hawkins and Jim at "The Admiral Benbow," who died eventually of a mixture of rum and terror, and in whose sea-chest the all-important map of Treasure Island was discovered by Jim. In (2) Jim and his mother stand fearfully over the Captain's corpse. In (5) Jim accidentally overhears Long John Silver planning the mutiny. In (6) a rattlesnake scares Jim on the island just before he comes across the marooned Ben Gunn. In (7) Jim is about to shoot the drunken and desperate coxswain, Israel Hands, who has climbed after him into the rigging of the *Hispaniola*. And in (8) we behold the treasure in all its gold and silver glory.

Let no reader of any age hesitate to re-read "Treasure Island." It stays the king of boyhood yarns on re-perusal, and to sail with the treasure-seekers on the smooth and colourful sea of Stevenson's prose is a rejuvenating as well as an exciting experience. I would say further—that with a very few, very minor reservations—no Stevensonian need hesitate to see Walt Disney's new film version of the book. Mr. Disney shows from the start that he has the all-important respect for the text. He departs from it only in a few unimportant details of the action. He uses Stevenson's own dialogue whenever possible. (It is a "live" film, with no cartoons whatever.) For no valid-seeming reason Mrs. Hawkins is not seen, and young Jim appears to be managing "The Admiral Benbow" entirely by himself.

This vexes me personally, because it prevents me seeing two of my well-remembered plates in terms of film. But, over and above this purely personal point, it is absurd not to have shown this kind soul at all. Surely it would have made the boy all the more boyish to show him being gallant and brave with his widowed mother? However, there it is—and perhaps there never yet was a filmmaker who could possibly allow a literary romance to be absolutely and utterly perfect as it stands. Nearly everywhere else Mr. Disney does perfectly, by the

simple and straightforward process of following Stevenson closely, and not presuming to improve. Incidentally, I cannot imagine that Mr. Disney has either seen or approved a sentence in the programme which is all the more egregious and conspicuous because the rest of the programme is written with a restraint and a literacy unusual in such compilations in the cinema-world. This runs (and the italics are my own): "When Robert Louis Stevenson invented a map of a Treasure Island to amuse his young stepson during a rainy summer holiday in the year 1881, he had no



"PIECES OF EIGHT": A SCENE FROM WALT DISNEY'S FILM VERSION OF "TREASURE ISLAND," IN WHICH "WE BEHOLD THE TREASURE IN ALL ITS GOLD AND SILVER GLORY." BENN GUNN (GEOFFREY WILKINSON) SHOWS THE TREASURE TO LONG JOHN SILVER (ROBERT NEWTON) AND JIM HAWKINS (BOBBY DRISCOLL, RIGHT).



"ONE MORE STEP, MR. HANDS," SAID I, "AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!": A SCENE FROM "TREASURE ISLAND" (AN RKO-WALT DISNEY PRODUCTION), SHOWING JIM HAWKINS (BOBBY DRISCOLL) ABOUT TO SHOOT ISRAEL HANDS (GEOFFREY KEEN), WHO FLINGS A KNIFE WHICH PINIONS THE BOY TO THE MAST AT THE END OF THEIR DESPERATE FIGHT ON BOARD THE *Hispaniola*.

thought that his resultant literary voyage with Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver in search of hidden treasure would permanently enrich the world with one of the greatest adventure stories ever written and provide Walt Disney with his first all-live-action subject for the screen."

The few errors of the film, as I have said, are errors of omission rather than of commission. One or two of them seem curiously odd to me, especially since the film is in Technicolor. Here is a characteristic example. When, in the film, Jim is eavesdropping in the apple-barrel, he is much alarmed when one of the mutineers suggests coming to the barrel for an apple, and much relieved when the notion is driven from the mutineer's mind because land has been suddenly sighted. I recommend anyone to read Chapter XI of the novel who wants to be convinced that there can be far more art and suspense in good fiction-writing than in good,

corresponding film-making. In the novel, Silver interrupts his scheming to ask a hand to fetch him an apple: "Dick, you just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple to wet my pipe like." To Jim's great relief, Dick's progress to the barrel is arrested by the coxswain, Hands, suggesting that some rum will do the conspiratorial party far more good. This reveals to Jim that Long John possesses a key to the rum-keg, and it further reveals, to the reader, through Jim, how it came about that the chief mate, Mr. Arrow, had been permanently "plastered" till the day when he vanished overboard, nobody quite knows how. The rum is brought in a pannikin, and toasts are drunk, and Silver rounds these off with: "Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff!" And the chapter concludes with what seems to me an opportunity for choice colour-photography, though Mr. Disney has utterly ignored it and gives us only the final shout: "Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen and was silversing the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the foresail; and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout shouted 'Land-ho!'"

Somewhere else in the story we read that "Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath." Robert Newton's portrayal of the sea-cook is one long sensational gallery of such pictures. This is the full-blooded performance it has to be and ought to be. Like Gilbert's King Gama, Mr. Newton's Silver might boast the manifest possession of an irritating chuckle, a celebrated sneer, an entertaining snigger, and a fascinating leer. He has these attributes, but he has a genuine and an alarming ferocity as well. He has, too, at the outset an ingratiating quality in his hypocrisy which takes in young Jim Hawkins at first, in the film as it did in the novel. Master Bobby Driscoll, though American, is not too assertively so for the innate Englishness of Jim, and he has all the other necessary qualities—especially the pluck and the appealingness. Trelawney, Livesey and Captain Smollett are in the absolutely safe and sure hands of Walter Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea, and Basil Sydney; and one way and another it will be quite a long time before another film-version of "Treasure Island" will be necessary or even desirable.

It is to be noted that Jim Hawkins when he is on the island and is anxious to escape from the mutineers has the common sense to crouch down and hide. Harry Fabian (Richard Widmark), in "Night and the City," is an American-London crook who has no such common sense. He runs most of the way from Westminster to Hammersmith, and it is an unfair aspersion on the ubiquity of London's bobbies that there should hardly be a single one in street or doorway to see him, stop him, or chase him. This is an unexciting film allegedly taken from a brutal but undeniably exciting novel, Gerald Kersh's "Night and the City." Apart from the title and the hero-villain's name, the two works have hardly a single character or incident in common. In the novel, for example, there is a horribly dramatic scene in which Fabian blackmails an old merchant for many months, threatening to expose him to his wife, and finally

being confronted with the wife in her coffin. The film version ignores this slice of raw drama and dwells interminably on the racket of "all-in" wrestling.

Jules Dassin, a French director from Hollywood, fails just as signally to capture the atmosphere of London at night, as he signally succeeded in capturing New York's in "Naked City." The only thing this particular viewer will remember of this film is the splendid gravity and dignity of the aged Greek wrestler, Zbyszko, when he is deploring the degeneration of his art since its Græco-Roman heyday.

Romance—the kind of romance so superlatively typified by "Treasure Island" (the film, not so very much less than the book)—has been defined by one of the essayists as "the gay pursuit of a perilous quest." The Gerald Kersh adaptation to the screen is rather more like the flat pursuit of a quest that is futile.

THE WORLD OF SPORT AND ENDEAVOUR: A CAMERA SURVEY OF HOME NEWS.



THE ANNUAL PARADE AND SERVICE OF THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES' ASSOCIATION: STANDARD-BEARERS LEADING THE PROCESSION FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON JUNE 25. On June 25 more than 3000 members of the Old Contemptibles Association attended the Annual Parade and Memorial Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Lord Mayor was present at the service, and at its conclusion the contingent marched away down Ludgate Hill.



RETIRING AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS AS DIRECTOR OF THE *MERCURY*: CAPTAIN C. B. FRY BEING CHEERED BY BOYS OF THE TRAINING-SHIP AT A FAREWELL PARADE.

Captain C. B. Fry, the famous England cricketer, now aged seventy-eight, has retired after forty-two years as Director of the training-ship *Mercury*, and a farewell parade was held at Hamble, Hampshire, on June 25, when the boys gave him a rousing send-off.

THE WEST INDIES TOURING SIDE, WHOSE LORD'S XI TRIUMPHANTLY DEFEATED ENGLAND IN THE SECOND TEST—THE WEST INDIES' FIRST TEST VICTORY IN ENGLAND.

(STANDING, L. TO R.) W. FERGUSON (SCORER), A. L. VALENTINE, C. L. WALCOTT, HINES JOHNSON, L. PIERRE, A. F. RAE, R. MARSHALL, C. WILLIAMS. (SEATED, L. TO R.) E. D. WEEKES, R. J. CHRISTIANI, J. B. STOLLMEYER, J. D. GODDARD (CAPTAIN), J. M. KIDNEY (MANAGER), G. E. GOMEZ, P. E. JONES, F. M. WORRELL. (ON GROUND, L. TO R.) K. T. RAMADHIN, K. TRESTRAIL.

The second Test Match, at Lord's, ended on June 29 with a great and resounding victory for the West Indies—a triumph handsomely gained and thoroughly well earned and a fitting first Test victory for a West Indies XI. in England. The scores were as follows: West Indies, 326 (Rae 106) and 425 for 6 dec. (Walcott, 168); England, 151 and 274 (Washbrook, 114). A feature of the match was the spin bowling of the young West Indians Ramadhin and Valentine, whose match records were, respectively, 11 for 152 and 7 for 127. The victory was delightedly acclaimed by West Indian supporters, who composed and sang calypsos as the play went on.



ADDING TO THE AMENITIES OF WIMBLEDON: A NEW BUILDING COMPRISING A LOUNGE FOR PLAYERS, WITH A ROOF-GARDEN ABOVE, AND OFFICES FOR THE LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT ABOVE THE NORTH END OF NO. 1 COURT. PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE PLAYERS APPEAR ON PAGES 58-59 IN THIS ISSUE.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD AT LORD'S DURING THE PLAY IN THE SECOND TEST MATCH, WHICH THE WEST INDIES WON BY THE HANDSOME MARGIN OF 326 RUNS, SO GAINING THE FIRST WEST INDIAN TEST VICTORY IN ENGLAND.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



RECENT LIGHT ON THE LEGEND OF THE SHREW.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is many years ago since I first came across the legends of the shrew and the story of the shrew-ash, and it has always puzzled me how so small and apparently inoffensive a creature could be credited with such malevolence. It is patent, from the number of references met in mediæval books that the venomous nature was widely accepted in times past, yet the use of the shrew-ash seems to have started to die out within the last 300 years, and with it the belief in the animal's venomous character. Strongly-held legends, however improbable they may seem, usually have some basis in fact, but although I have sought a possible explanation, it is only in recent years that light has been shed on the nature of shrews permitting reasonable speculation.

The Common Shrew (sometimes referred to as the shrew-mouse) is mouse-like, with a long, tapering snout, an insectivore, not a rodent, and finds its nearest relatives in the moles and hedgehogs. Of small size, a couple of pennies laid side by side on a dead shrew will hide all but its tail. Yet this extremely diminutive creature has been variously described as fierce, venomous, ravening, baneful. It has given us at least two household words: "shrewish," meaning spiteful and sharp-tongued; and "shrewd," a word originally meaning rascally but now having a more virtuous connotation. In addition, it was believed that a shrew had only to creep over a recumbent horse, cow or sheep and these animals would be smitten with paralysis, or at least afflicted with cruel anguish. Another belief—that a shrew could not cross a human footpath and live—expresses doubtless the bitter enmity between man and this tiny insectivore.

Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," gives a good account of how this evil thing could be circumvented. Against the paralysis to which cattle were continually liable, "our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, once medicated, would maintain its virtue for ever. A shrew-ash was made thus: into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor, devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt with several quaint incantations long since forgotten." The twigs and branches of an ash so treated "when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected."

The first step towards a rational explanation came less than twenty years ago, and this concerned the legend that a shrew could not cross a human footpath and live. The normal life-span of a shrew is fifteen months; its rate of multiplication is high, and its mortality-rate equally so. The death-rate is particularly high in late summer. When so small a creature dies among grass or other herbage, its corpse will not readily be visible. On the whole, therefore, a dead shrew is unlikely to be seen except on a road or footpath.

It is now possible to add another suggestion: a compound of analogy and speculation. It has recently been shown that ants, faced with unusual difficulties, will go into a state of catalepsy, from which they can be revived by immersion under a running tap. This state of catalepsy and its cure bears a superficial appearance to fainting in human beings and seems to be related to a condition of shock. In recent months there have been letters in

The Times describing how the tahr, a relative of the goat, may, if caught, go into a faint, and how birds have been seen falling to earth in a "fainting" condition. Now, against this, it is worth while quoting Gilbert

among them learned more quickly than others to find their way out of a maze. On the other hand, if one of the quick learners happened to make a mistake, take the wrong turning, or otherwise get into difficulties, it would fall inert, in a state of catalepsy. In other words, the more "intelligent" of the ants—the more highly sensitive, perhaps—were the most prone to this collapse.

The shrew is related to the mole, a highly sensitive animal whose normal habit is one of feverish activity. It is said that a light tap with a lead pencil across the snout of a mole will kill it. Likewise, that the mere report of a gun, or even the bursting of a blown-up paper bag, in its vicinity will kill it.

Even more remarkable is the experience of Mr. Robert T. Orr with the shrews of North America. Seeing a Gray Shrew in the road, he placed his cap over it. Then we quote him: "To my amazement, when I removed the animal from beneath it a moment later it was found to be dead." On another occasion he caught a Long-tailed Shrew and placed it gently in a box. "For a few minutes it could be heard moving about in an attempt to escape, then it was forgotten for a while. During the ensuing hour shotguns were fired repeatedly, near and far. When I looked in the box shortly after, the shrew was dead." There are other reports to the same effect.

In the Middle Ages, the majority of footpaths would be, probably, much cut with wheel-ruts and hoof-marks and death from shock—this peculiar form of shock of which we know so little—may have been more common among shrews than it is to-day. So, what with a high death-rate from natural causes, the abundance of the animal and its ready death from anxiety-neurosis, shock or whatever we choose to call it, it is not extravagant to believe that dead shrews on human footpaths were even more common then than now.

The venomous nature of shrews has received some attention recently, too. But first, a story told me some years ago by a friend, whose accuracy of observation and honesty in narrative I would trust. He assured me of having seen a female shrew with young

put up such a show of belligerence that a large tom-cat was forced to retreat before it. A tall story, on the face of it; but is it not possible that others had seen similar events in days of long ago and so gave us the present meaning of shrewish? And a shrewd man was originally a spiteful, unpleasant rascal!

Finally, it has been recently found that the saliva of the Long-tailed Shrew of North America carries a venom akin to that of snakes, and that this shrew will bite—and paralyse—mammals larger than itself. Are our Common Shrews venomous in this way? We do not know, but "they soon decompose after death," which is a characteristic of at least some other venomous animals.

Probably investigation in the near future will show them to be so.

Can we now take a flight of fancy, go back in time to the superstitious Middle Ages? Here is a tiny animal, apparently inoffensive (the deceitful wretch), that squeaks shrilly, fights much with its fellows, will bare its teeth at a cat (and a cat will not eat a shrew once it has killed it—clearly it is a scoundrel), will induce paralysis in larger animals than itself by biting them, readily dies in man's tracks (clearly a sign of guilty conscience) and is sometimes seen crawling over a cow or a horse, which subsequently is ill. The indictment is complete.



THREE OF THE SMALLEST BRITISH MAMMALS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) A HOUSE MOUSE; A COMMON SHREW (WITH TWO PENNIES TO INDICATE ITS SIZE); AND TWO SPECIMENS OF THE PIGMY SHREW.

The specimens shown above are all stuffed skins and, as a consequence, appear larger than the animals would in life. The specimen on the extreme right (pigmy shrew), although a stuffed skin, is posed so as to show the appearance of size in life.

White once more: "These little things [shrews] are often found dead without any apparent mark of injury; some say the cats kill them, but will not eat them. Shrew-mice are silly things; they get into dry ditches and cart-ruts, then run up and down and weary themselves; they have not the sense to get out of the rut, and so they lie down and perish." On the other hand, it is asserted by some that know shrews well in the field that they will cross in front of a man—and fall down dead.

To amplify the story of the ants, it was found during experiments designed to test the learning ability of these insects that certain



A MONUMENT TO FORMER SUPERSTITION: THE REMAINS OF A SHREW-ASH IN RICHMOND PARK, SURREY, WHICH HAS BEEN USED WITHIN LIVING MEMORY FOR CURATIVE PURPOSES. In Richmond Park, on the outskirts of London, grow the remains of a shrew-ash. Within living memory children suffering from whooping-cough have been taken to it for curative purposes. Early in this century the original ash, grown decrepit, fell, leaving the base of its trunk, from which sturdy shoots have grown out. The tree is still flourishing to-day.

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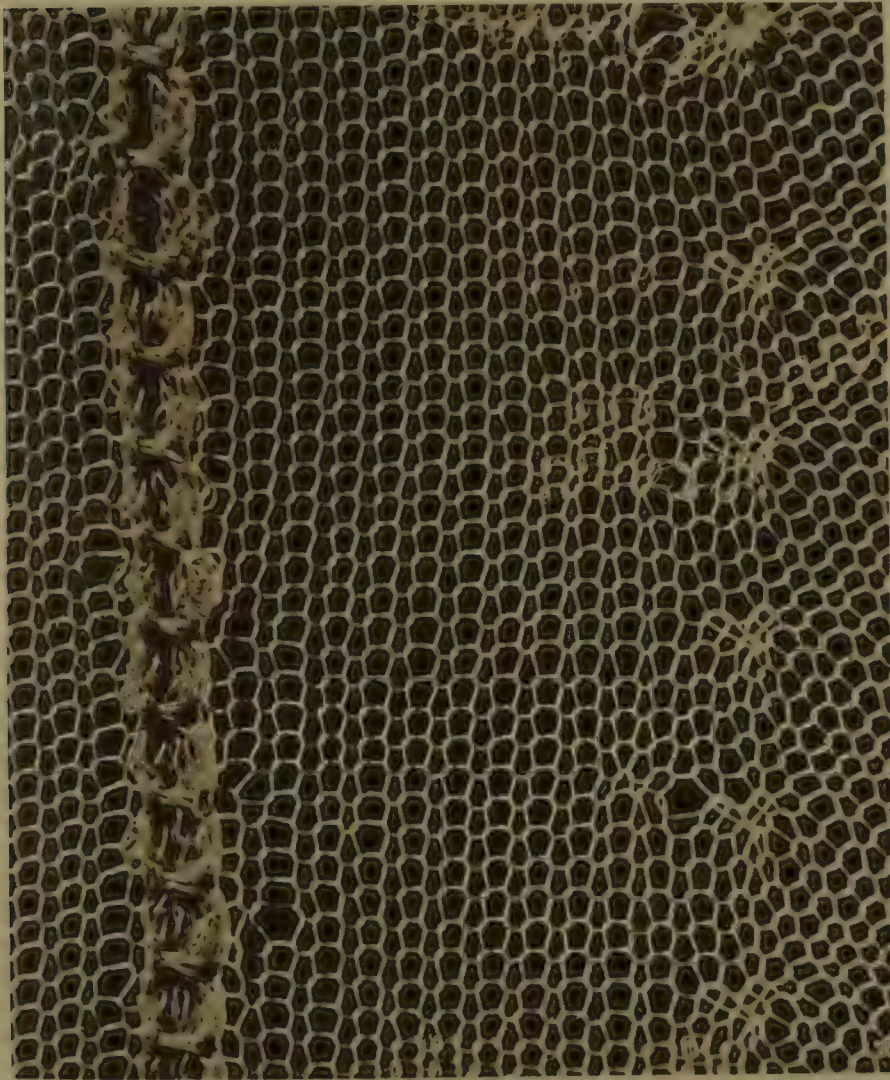


THE START OF A STOCKING TRAGEDY: A BROKEN THREAD IN A SECTION OF 15-DENIER, 51-GAUGE NYLON HOSIERY ABOUT TO RUN INTO A "LADDER."

REVEALED BY THE MICROSCOPE: THE MESH AND CONSTRUCTION OF NYLON STOCKINGS.

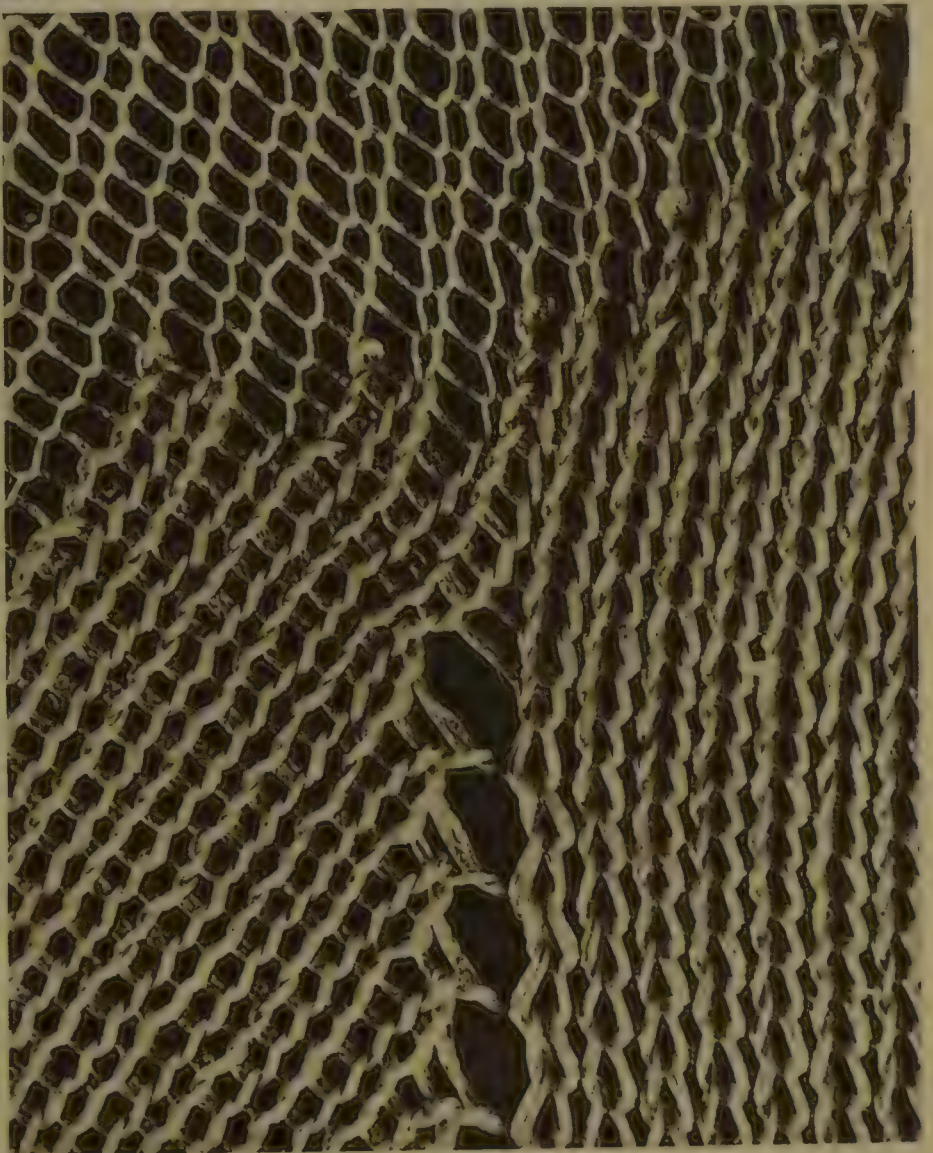


THE START OF A "LADDER" IN THICKER FABRIC: THE SAME TRAGEDY AS (LEFT) SEEN IN A SECTION OF 40-DENIER, 45-GAUGE NYLON HOSIERY.



PART OF A FULLY-FASHIONED STOCKING: FASHION MARKS (ON RIGHT) INDICATE WHERE STITCHES HAVE BEEN DROPPED TO NARROW THE FABRIC AT THE ANKLE.

There can be few women who have not experienced that aggravating moment when they realise that they have "laddered" a stocking. The dawn of the nylon stocking era has certainly reduced these moments of feminine fury but has not eliminated them. What happens in the split second before a stocking "ladders" has now been revealed by the microscope. Most women choose their stockings without knowing what the terms "gauge" and "denier" mean. The word "denier" is a measure of weight of a given length of yarn and, other things being equal, the weight or thickness of a stocking is proportional to the denier of the yarn used—i.e., a 30-denier



REINFORCED FOR ADDITIONAL STRENGTH: THE HEEL AND SIDE OF FOOT, SHOWING THE HEAVIER NYLON THREAD WHICH IS INTRODUCED AT THESE POINTS.

stocking is twice as thick as a 15-denier. The gauge indicates the number of needles used in knitting a width of $1\frac{1}{4}$ ins., thus the finer the gauge the more stitches there are and the more closely knit the fabric will be. 15-denier nylon stockings are usually made from what is called "monofil" yarn, which means that the yarn consists of a single thread. 30-denier nylon is, however, made of a multi-filament yarn, consisting of a large number of fine filaments twisted together. This twisting increases the flexibility of the yarn, but on the other hand, the use of "monofil" in fine denier stockings makes them resistant to snagging.



SPRING this year was cold and grey, but chance brought me to Luton Hoo by way of Hertfordshire lanes on a day of brilliant sunshine, when the woods were carpeted with a mist of bluebells and the oaks were showing their tawny golden buds against a background of pale beech leaves. The park which "Capability" Brown had laid out with such ingenuity nearly two centuries ago paid the homage which



A GREEK JEWEL, SECOND CENTURY B.C.: AN EARRING IN THE FORM OF A WINGED VICTORY. (Height, 1½ ins.)

Frank Davis this week contributes the first of two articles on the treasures of the Wernher Collection which, by permission of Major-General Sir Harold Wernher, Bart., G.C.V.O., may now be seen by the public at Luton Hoo. The jewels include the earring of beaten gold in the shape of a Winged Victory which we illustrate.

nature owes to art by imitating, not so much the quiet, pensive sweep of those pictures by Claude Lorrain, which were never far from the mind's eye of the eighteenth-century man of taste, but, on this occasion, a vivid, wind-swept landscape by Renoir beneath a sparkling sky. From the crest of the hill the great Adam house, self-consciously aloof, presided over a vast expanse of beauty nicely adjusted to conceal from the onlooker such mundane vulgarities as railway trains and the sprawl of an industrial town. On such an afternoon, and in this civilised Eden, one was tempted to wander haphazard out of doors to see whether landscape gardening on the grand scale could provide not only pleasure but practical hints on the arrangement of one's own quarter acre; but I had come specially to see the contents of the house, and I knew it would be next to impossible to make a second visit in the near future.

Moreover, I was curious, for I knew that this was not a collection built casually in the course of several generations—one of those accumulations which have grown slowly and in which it is possible to detect the varying tastes and idiosyncrasies of a dozen owners—but one acquired by a single individual during a few brief years. That is, the major part of it, for some of the pictures and the pieces of English period furniture were added by the present owner, after the 1914-18 war, and Lady Zia Wernher has contributed many examples of the work of Peter Carl Fabergé. There is, in addition, the superb collection of English

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS LUTON HOO.—I.

By FRANK DAVIS.

eighteenth-century porcelain formed by the late Lady Ludlow. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at the rich because of their riches, which is as intelligent as sneering at the poor because of their poverty. I would prefer to pay a tribute to the imaginative public spirit of Sir Harold Wernher and others like him who, faced by the impossibility of keeping up their great houses in the style of a past generation, take immense pains to enable all of us to share in the pleasure which great possessions can provide, instead of selling-up and living morosely on the proceeds, which would save them no end of trouble.

In this case, about two-thirds of the building has been turned into a museum in which it is possible to see for oneself how an immensely wealthy man, the late Sir Julius Wernher, home from a fantastically successful career in South Africa, when all roads led to Kimberley and its diamonds, and later to Johannesburg and its gold, surrounded himself with objects of art of every description. What is impressive, I suggest, is not the quantity but the quality. It is true that some of the things are not quite first-rate—the Dutch seventeenth-century pictures, for example, are a little disappointing. There is a De Hoogh, but one of those late, machine-made De Hooghs which make one regret that so able a painter did not burn his brushes and throw away his paint-box on his forty-fifth birthday or thereabouts, and a small Cuyp which is but a shadow of a shade; but there is a nice Van de Velde and an enchanting Metsu.

But how he must have enjoyed himself, all the time immensely busy over his multifarious interests and adding to his collection, mainly over the breakfast-table! It is clear that he became very knowledgeable himself—it is equally clear that, except in a few well-defined sections of the wide field which interested him, he obtained the most admirable advice. Who gave him that advice does not appear to be known, but if one may hazard a guess from a cursory survey of his collection, he was in close contact with the best of the Paris dealers of that generation—men of the calibre of Jacques Seligman and Demotte: if that guess is correct, then the ghosts of those able, shrewd and business-like connoisseurs need feel no diffidence in haunting Luton Hoo—they gave full value for money.

Of the less spectacular items (indeed a little surprising in so lavish a setting), the series of mediæval ivories, some of which have already been illustrated in these pages, could hardly be obtained anywhere

from a Greek ornament in beaten gold representing a Winged Victory to exquisite sixteenth- and seventeenth-century brooches, rings and pendants from Italy, Spain and Germany—pearls, opals, emeralds, rubies and enamels. These are displayed in what was once the private chapel (destroyed by fire in 1843), and there also are the best of the pictures, notably



A GERMAN, EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY JEWEL: A PENDANT OF A WINGED MERMAID IN BAROQUE PEARL.

"Very often the natural shape of an irregular pearl inspired an artist to imagine a mythological creature, perhaps a mermaid . . .", writes Mr. J. Natanson in the introduction to the catalogue of the Wernher collection at Luton Hoo. The pendant which we illustrate is a beautiful example. It is an early seventeenth-century German piece.



AN ITALIAN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY LARGE OVAL WHITE ONYX CAMEO OF EUROPA AND THE BULL; AND (RIGHT) THE REVERSE, SHOWING THE DISTINGUISHED DESIGN IN RED, BLUE AND GREEN TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL, BY VIRGIL SOLICE (1514-1562). Amongst the jewels in the Wernher collection at Luton Hoo, which is now open to the public by permission of Major-General Sir Harold Wernher, Bart., G.C.V.O., "mythological representations alternate with religious subjects, subtle allusions to love are close to memento mori, reminders of death," to quote from Mr. J. Natanson's description in the catalogue. The cameo which we illustrate is an example of a classical subject treated in sixteenth-century Italian style.

to-day—at least, it is difficult to imagine such rare things ever coming into the market—and only one degree less remarkable is the array of Limoges enamels from the end of the fifteenth century until the decline of this exquisite craft in the seventeenth. To be the owner of such exceptional objects in 1950 you must either have inherited them or have scoured Europe for them fifty years ago.

The same, with rather less emphasis, can be said about the Renaissance Italian bronzes which are beautifully arranged at the foot of the main staircase. There are about 200 pieces of jewellery, ranging

history by winning the Alexandra Stakes six years in succession. His portraits by Sir Alfred Munnings and others occupy a room to themselves and will delight innumerable visitors, among them, I hope, the driver and firemen of the locomotive which recently took me from Edinburgh to Newcastle and which, I noticed bore the name of this noble and speedy animal. Hyper-sensitive critics will please forbear to remark that Spanish and Flemish primitives and Brown Jack make odd stable companions; the point is that this is a place where all tastes are hospitably welcomed.

the Spanish Primitive, the St. Michael by Bartolomé Bermejo (active 1474-1494), which occupies the place of honour. It is a panel which has long been recognised as one of the finest outside Spain, and would make a pilgrimage to Luton Hoo memorable even if it stood there by itself. As it is, it rather overwhelms its near neighbour, Albrecht Altdorfer's somewhat gloomily romantic "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother," and even the sumptuous elegance of a Crivelli-like fifteenth-century Venetian Annunciation on its other side. There is a notable Memling of the Virgin and Child, a delicious Filipino Lippi, in which the Child is playing with a bunch of cherries and lying back against a saddle, and a severe and subtle Titian portrait.

These are great pictures, and now, before talking about the remainder of the collection in a subsequent article a brief word about something more mundane—a great, and by now a legendary horse. Brown Jack belonged to Sir Harold Wernher and made

RENAISSANCE JEWELS FROM THE WERNHER COLLECTION.

EUROPEAN GOLDSMITHS' ART ON VIEW AT LUTON HOO, BEDFORDSHIRE.



ITALIAN SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A LARGE OVAL AGATE CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF WITH A DESIGN REPRESENTING CLEOPATRA AND THE ASP.

ON this page we reproduce some of the Renaissance jewels included in the great Wernher Collection of works of art. In the descriptive guide to Luton Hoo, Mr. J. Natanson writes of these masterpieces of the goldsmith's art of past centuries: "Gold, precious stones, crystal and enamel are assembled in infinitely varied shapes and designs, laden with symbols and allusions, strange flowers of the human imagination grown out of human passions—pride and power, faith and love, devotion and

(Continued opposite.)



PORTUGUESE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A PENDANT BADGE BEARING A SACRED SUBJECT.



SPANISH SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A PENDANT BADGE OF GOLD CONTAINING THE SACRED MONOGRAM.

Continued.] superstition — petrified in the purest and most lasting materials...", and indeed there could be no more accurate yet poetical description. Mr. Frank Davis describes the Wernher Collection on our facing page in the first of two articles he is devoting to it. The owner, Major-General Sir Harold Wernher, Bart., C.C.V.O., has thrown Luton Hoo open to the public from May to October inclusive, and it may be visited on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays (admission 2s. 6d.; children 1s.) from 11 a.m. until 6 p.m. The collection includes paintings, ceramics, bronzes, ivories, silver, textiles and furniture.



ITALIAN SIXTEENTH CENTURY: AN OVAL CAMEO OF TRANSPARENT ONYX CARVED WITH A REPRESENTATION OF DAPHNE ABOUT TO BECOME A TREE WHEN PURSUED BY APOLLO.



VENETIAN SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A PENDANT JEWEL IN THE FORM OF A SHIP MANNED WITH OARSMEN, CARRIED OUT IN CORAL AND GOLD; THE PROW BEARING THE REPRESENTATION OF A DRAGON'S HEAD.



SPANISH SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A MAGNIFICENT GOLD AND EMERALD WINGED DRAGON, THE BODY COVERED WITH SCALES AND THE HEAD WITH AN EMERALD BEAK.



VENETIAN SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A PENDANT JEWEL IN THE FORM OF A SHIP WITH MAST OF GOLD AND HULL OF GOLD-AND-WHITE ENAMEL WITH JEWEL DROPS.



LATE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN: AN OVAL PENDANT JEWEL OF ROCK CRYSTAL, WITH A SACRED SUBJECT ON A MEDALLION IN SPANISH FOLIO STYLE.



GERMAN LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY OR EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: ONE OF FIVE APPLIQUES OF JEWELLED AND ENAMELLED GOLD FOR SEWING ON TO THE DRESS.

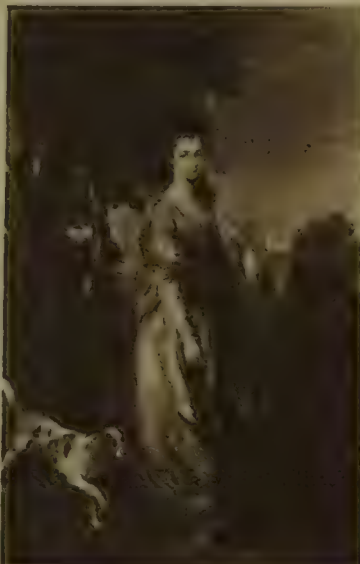


GERMAN LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A PENDANT JEWEL IN GOLD, ENAMELLED AND SET WITH GEMS, WITH AN EAGLE FEATURED IN THE DESIGN.

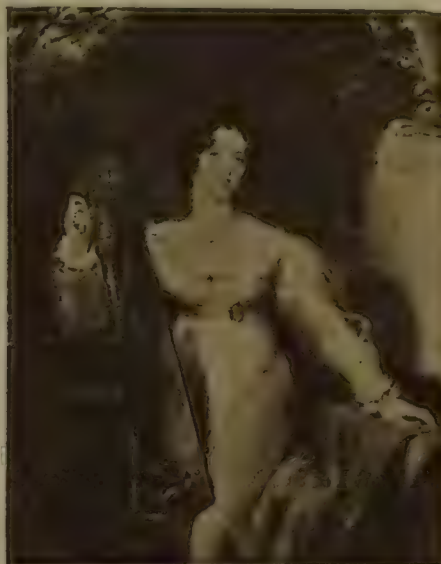
SACRED PAINTINGS AND PORTRAITS: FROM THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION.



"FRANCES BERESFORD"; BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810), A BRITISH PORTRAIT PAINTER WHO FORMED HIS STYLE ON THAT OF REYNOLDS, BUT WAS FAR FROM A COPYIST.



"MRS. LOWNDES-STONE"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788), THE CELEBRATED BRITISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAIT PAINTER.



"LADY CONYNGHAM"; BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, R.A. (1769-1830), WHO SUCCEEDED REYNOLDS AS PAINTER-IN-ORDINARY TO THE KING IN 1792.



"MISS CONSTABLE"; BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802), THE ARTIST WHO PAINTED LADY HAMILTON SO FREQUENTLY.



"AN OLD MAN SEATED"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1607-1669), FORMERLY IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL COLLECTION.



"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). THIS SPLENDID PAINTING BY THE FLEMISH MASTER IS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS PICTURES IN THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641), AN OUTSTANDINGLY FINE EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK.



"PALLAS ATHENE"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1607-1669). TITUS, SON OF THE PAINTER, MAY HAVE BEEN THE MODEL. THIS PAINTING WAS FORMERLY IN THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG.



"SARA ANDRIESDR HESSIX"; BY FRANS HALS (1580-1666), THE CONTEMPORARY AND RIVAL OF VAN DYCK.



"THE ANNUNCIATION"; BY DIRK (OR DIERICK) BOUTS (ACTIVE 1447-D. 1475), WHOSE WORK SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN. ONE OF THE PAINTINGS FORMERLY IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL COLLECTION.



(RIGHT.) "PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). THE SITTER WAS PROBABLY A MEMBER OF THE FOURMENT FAMILY.

(LEFT.) "THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE"; BY STEFAN LOCHNER (D. 1451), A PAINTER OF THE SCHOOL OF COLOGNE, BORN AT CONSTANCE.

FOR a number of years, the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square has had the privilege of acting as host to the pictures which make up the Gulbenkian collection. These forty-one works, which include masterpieces of European painting of unrivalled importance, are now to be shown in the National Art Gallery in Washington, D.C., as part of the 150th anniversary celebrations of the founding of the United States capital. On June 23 this precious cargo was loaded in the liner *Queen Elizabeth* at Southampton, having made the journey from London in two lorries with an armed escort of Scotland Yard officers. During the voyage, arrangements were made to keep the pictures in the liner's strong-room, and Mr. John Walker, chief curator of

(Continued on opposite page.)



"LE BOSQUET DES BAINS D'APOLLON"; BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808). SOMETIMES CALLED "ROBERT DES RUINES" ON ACCOUNT OF HIS GREAT FONDNESS FOR THE REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY.



"LE TAPIS VERT": BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808), WHICH LIKE "LE BOSQUET DES BAINS D'APOLLON" SHOWS TREE-FELLING AT VERSAILLES. FAMOUS FOR HIS VIEWS OF PARIS, REALISTIC OR FANTASTIC.

FRENCH
GRANDEUR
AND EIGHTEENTH-
CENTURY GRACE
IN THE
GULBENKIAN
COLLECTION.



"MADAM DE LA PORTE"; BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER (1685-1766), THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH PORTRAIT PAINTER, WHOSE SITTERS INCLUDED PETER THE GREAT.



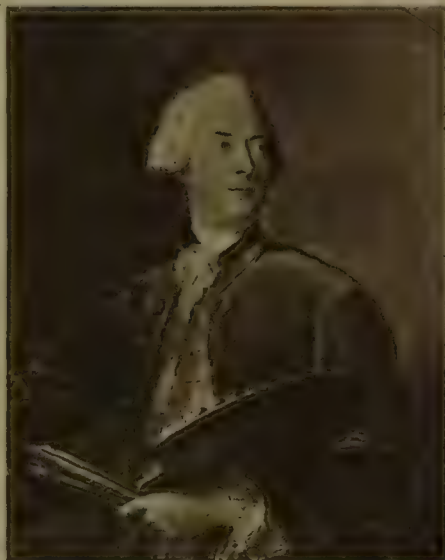
"CUPID AND THE THREE GRACES"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770), PROFESSOR OF DRAWING TO MME. DE POMPADOUR, AND IN 1765 APPOINTED PREMIER PEINTRE DU ROI.



"DUVAL D'ESPINOY"; BY MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR (1704-1788), WHOSE WORK WAS CALLED "A MAGIC MIRROR."



"THE ASTRONOMER"; BY NICOLAS BERNARD LÉPICIE (1735-1784), SON OF BERNARD LÉPICIE, THE ENGRAVER AND SECRETARY OF THE ACADEMY.



"LOUIS TOCQUÉ"; BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER (1685-1766). TOCQUÉ (1696-1772), A PORTRAIT PAINTER, MARRIED NATTIER'S DAUGHTER.



"MLLE. SALLÉ"; BY MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR (1704-1788), THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH PASTELLIST.



"PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER": BY NICOLAS BERNARD LÉPICIE (1735-1784), WHO STUDIED UNDER VAN LOO, AND BECAME PAINTER TO THE KING AND PROFESSOR TO THE ACADEMY.

Continued.]

the Washington Gallery, travelled in the ship in charge of them. They will not be seen in London for two years. Twenty-nine of the paintings have been on loan to the National Gallery since July, 1936, and after 1937, Mr. Gulbenkian added another twelve,

equally important works, to the loan. The request that these splendid paintings should be lent to America was made by the State Department. During the Second World War the Gulbenkian pictures shared the same place of exile as those in the National Collection, and they were among the first to be replaced on exhibition in Trafalgar Square when the war came to an end. Since then, as in the years before the war,

[Continued overleaf, centre.]

(LEFT.)

"FÊTE AT RAMBOUILLET"; BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806)

(RIGHT.)

"FÊTE GALANTE"; BY NICOLAS LANCRET (1690-1743), WHO PASSED THROUGH THE STUDIO OF GILLOT SHORTLY AFTER WATTEAU AND THEN WORKED WITH THE LATTER.



VENETIAN AND FLORENTINE ART IN THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION.



"REGATTA ON THE GRAND CANAL"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). A FINE EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN"; BY GHIRLANDAIO (DOMENICO BIGORDI) (1449-1494), THE FLORENTINE PAINTER.



"A VIEW OF MIRA ON THE BRENTA"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), THE FAMOUS VENETIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTER.



"A FÊTE ON THE PIAZZA OF SAN MARCO"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). A VENETIAN SCENE OF EXTREME ELEGANCE.



"S. PIETRO DI CASTELLO, VENICE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION IS RICH IN FINE GUARDIS.

Continued.

they have been enjoyed by many thousands of visitors who will echo the sentiments of gratitude for this privilege which were expressed by Sir Alan Barlow, Chairman of the National Gallery Board of Trustees in a letter to *The Times*. In our issue dated August 1, 1936, we reproduced seven of the paintings from the Gulbenkian Collection, together with a descriptive article by Frank Davis. Several of the works, "The Annunciation" by Dirk (or Dierick) Bouts (d. 1475), "The Portrait of a Young Woman" by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, painted c. 1631, "An Old Man" and "Pallas Athene" by Rembrandt Van Rijn, were acquired by

[Continued below.]



"SACRA CONVERSAZIONE" ("THE REST ON THE FLIGHT"); BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA CIMA (c. 1459-1517-8), THE RIVAL OF GIOVANNI BELLINI.



"THE VIRGIN AND TWO DONORS ADORING THE CHILD"; BY VITTORE CARPACCIO (c. 1457-d. 1523-6), WHOSE PAINTINGS OF THE LIFE OF ST. URSULA ARE IN THE ACADEMY, VENICE.

Continued.

Mr. C. S. Gulbenkian in about 1930 from the Russian Government. Formerly they were included in the wonderful series of Old Masters in the Imperial Collection at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). The Rubens went to Russia in 1777 from Houghton. "The Fête at Rambouillet," by Jean-Honoré Fragonard, one of the magnificent series of French eighteenth-century paintings in the collection, is a picture of magical beauty. The Rubens portrait of a "Young Woman" was at one time called a portrait of Helena Fourment, the artist's second wife, but this identification is not now accepted, though it is probable that the sitter was a member of the Fourment family, possibly Susannah. It is known that Rubens painted this lady three times. At all events, the portrait is of exceptional beauty. The great paintings

[Continued opposite.]



"THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST"; BY IL FRANCIA (FRANCESCO DI MARCO RAIBOLINI) (1450-1517), PAINTER AND GOLDSMITH WHO WAS MASTER OF THE MINT TO HIS PATRON GIOVANNI BENTIVOGLIO II. OF BOLOGNA.

Continued.

by that sombre genius Rembrandt, show him at his finest. "The Old Man" was painted in 1645, and the "Pallas Athene," for which it has been suggested that the artist's son Titus may well have been the model, dates from some ten years later. The major portion of the great Gulbenkian collection, however, belongs to the French Schools of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The paintings were chosen with such discrimination that each is an outstandingly fine example of the work of the artist who produced it. The large Boucher, "Cupid and the Graces," was once a part of the Wallace Collection, and Lancret's "Fête Galante" was bought by Mr. Gulbenkian from the Neues Palais at Potsdam. Hubert Robert, an artist who was a friend of Fragonard and Abbé de St. Non, was much influenced by Pannini and the

[Continued opposite above, centre.]

NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH ART IN THE GULBENKIAN COLLECTION.



"VENICE FROM THE DOGANA"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875), WHO VISITED ITALY THREE TIMES. PAINTED IN 1834.



(LEFT, ABOVE.)
"THE BRIDGE AT NANTES"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875), BARBIZON SCHOOL PAINTER.

Continued.
Italian *prospettivisti* and by his passion for the remains of antiquity. He is represented by two landscapes entitled "*Le Bosquet des Bains d'Apollon*" and "*Le Tapis Vert*," which depict scenes during the felling of the trees at Versailles. They were among the paintings which once hung in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, in the days of Imperial Russia. Hubert Robert also designed gardens, and was the first director of the museum which later became the Musée du Louvre. The French Impressionists and the Barbizon School are also admirably represented. The self-portrait of Paul Degas is a masterpiece which has recorded the charm and sensibility of the artist. The other Degas, "*L'Homme et le Pantin*," depicts a painter, not Degas himself certainly, in his studio with his lay figure in a moment of weariness and discouragement. Monet is well represented. It will be remembered that this artist's painting, "*Impression—Soleil Couchant*," exhibited in 1874, earned for the group to which he belonged (this included Pissaro, Renoir, Sisley and others) the name of "Impressionists." Monet, who travelled widely in France and visited England and Italy, endured great hardship and poverty, but lived long enough to see the triumph of Impressionism. The Italian paintings include a splendid "*Baptism of Christ*," by Il Francia, "*The Portrait of a Young Woman*," by Ghirlandaio, an important Cima, and a series of Guardis of characteristic technical skill and elegance.



"THE BREAK-UP OF THE ICE"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), THE GREAT IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER WHO VISITED ENGLAND IN 1870.



(RIGHT, ABOVE.)
"STILL LIFE"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), WHO LIVED TO SEE THE TRIUMPH OF IMPRESSIONISM.



"THE BOY WITH CHERRIES"; BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883), WHO EXHIBITED AT THE SALON DES REFUSÉS, 1863.



"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), WHO PARTICIPATED IN ALL IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBITIONS SAVE THAT IN 1882.



"BOY BLOWING BUBBLES"; BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883), WHO THROUGH THE INFLUENCE OF BERTHE MORISOT ADOPTED IMPRESSIONIST TECHNIQUE.



"A ROAD AT VILLE D'AVRAY"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875), A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE DATED 1874.



"MADAME CLAUDE MONET"; BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919), WHO PAINTED TILL THE END OF HIS LIFE, THOUGH CRIPPLED BY ARTHRITIS.



"L'HOMME ET LE PANTIN"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), A PAINTING OF AN UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST AND A LAY FIGURE.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE changing countryside and downfall of the big house is a familiar theme in fiction. Its charms are obvious; its drawbacks are enforced monotony, confusion and anti-climax. For of course it has to be the old story; and where the story is of anti-climax, of a social pattern disintegrating, the novel in its later stages will be apt to lose outline. It is no easy task to forge an aesthetic whole out of a revolution still going on.

Even in "Through the Valley," by Robert Henriques (Collins; 12s. 6d.), these common drawbacks can be felt; it is in one way the same again, and yet it rises to essential difference by a crushing difference in stature. I don't mean bulk, though it is huge as well. It towers above its kind, not only in size, but also in vision, intellect and sheer hard reality. It is a formidable book all round.

Because, for one thing, it presents the old order at such a formidable height, with such alarming clearness. Neapcaster Park is not a big, it is a great house. The Merediths are not country squires, but have the stamp of royalty. The state they keep is laid down, and they continue to exact it, not from self-love, but from a sense of ritual and decorum—in fact of duty. Even in the opening scene—in 1926—it is apparent that they can't last; for they will never bend to circumstance, or yield up their royal prerogative.

This first scene is the most impressive; it displays the old life intact, though on the edge of doom. Throughout a long winter's day, a day of memorable change and timeworn routine, we follow everything and see the great house in every aspect. We get to know the ageing, defeated General, his little idol of a wife, his wild, half-grown boy, his servants and dependants and nearest intimates. We learn how things are done at Neapcaster Park, and what the doers have in mind. We see the pattern is admirable. But it is also terrifying, in its assurance and total claim.

Meanwhile, erosion is at work: 1932—the Munich crisis—after the war. By that time there is nothing left. The Merediths are bankrupt, and the Park is a training college. The old, reciprocal engagements of love and service have been displaced by theory and racketeering. The law has sunk into contempt, and honest farmers have become law-breakers. The honest magnates are despoiled, the grabbers thrive as usual. . . . And is that the whole story? Not quite, because the other system was a yoke after all. The land is still there, and the men; and love can shape a new pattern.

This is a ridiculously thin account of a massive work. There would be much to say about the characters—but there is no time. Instead, I shall return a moment to the first picture, the twilight of the old régime. For it is something unique—so brilliant, copious and finished, so warmly felt, and yet so hard in its exactness. It is a complete experience, before the novel starts to break up, as they all do. But this one, even in diffusion, retains its vigour; and the Cotswold setting is always right.

Incidentally, the social fabric is very masculine. The author feels it to be so, and feels for its captive women, subjected even when adorned; and yet his book has much the same quality. There could be no happier antithesis than "A Broken Engagement," by Betty Askwith (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)—slight, personal and highly feminine, and yet not likely, even in such a monumental context, to make women feel small. Betty Askwith is so good that I can never read her without an upsurge of ambition for her, and surprise that she has not achieved the front rank. Surely the gifts are there, if they were better organised. Yet she is so attractive that one hardly knows what to wish—or whether one would care to risk the informal note, the atmosphere of conversation which is now a great charm.

This story has more theme than plot. It deals with the predicament of a "career girl," an able woman, who wants to be admired and loved just the same. Lesley got a First at Oxford, and enjoys work—and organising work at that; but she is not at all unsexed. She feels the shame of being clever, and blushes for emancipation of the strident, old-fashioned type. Her own line at the Ministry of Propaganda is complete appeasement, shy-little-girl: the standard feminine technique. But where a love-relation is involved, she can't do it. She is prepared to give up work for Colin, and submit to him, but not to "kid him along"; for that would be a kind of insult, and debasement of love itself. Unfortunately, Colin can't do without it. Lesley was his boss at the Ministry; he is afraid of her intelligence, afraid of contact on a deep level—and he has a mother to foment his doubt. And so it cracks up. The story is full of truth and good sense; it is both serious and light, and has a nice vein of humour.

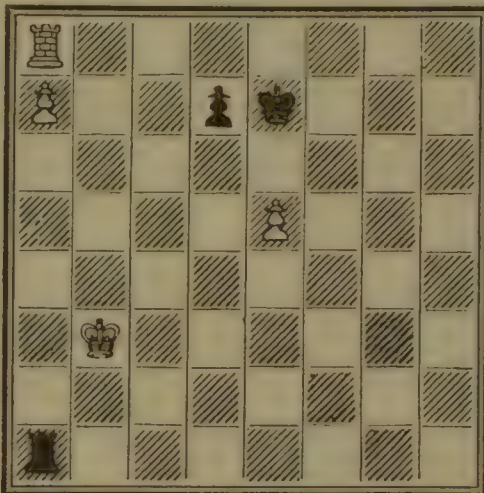
"Pirates at Play," by Violet Trefusis (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), sets out determinedly to be a riot, on an international theme. Count Papagalli is the papal dentist, therefore a papal count—but still a dentist and no more. And he prefers to be nothing more. Not so his raving beauty of a daughter, who wants the earth, and means to storm it with her four handsome brothers. The daughter of an English earl comes to stay, and the adventure has begun. Liza, as breath-taking as Vica in a different mode, enchants them all and fires the young men with Anglomaniac. Also, through her, they come in contact with the best people. She has an introduction to a Spanish princess, with a nephew to marry off; he would have plumped for Vica, but of course she won't do. So Vica has to be content with an English title and a life in the rain. The wit is *manqué* and the high jinks are not uproarious; but when it comes to national and social traits, the author does know her stuff.

"Groaning Spinney," by Gladys Mitchell (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), offers a Cotswold scene and a reputed ghost. A parson propped up on a gate. . . . Add Christmas and the snow, and Mrs. Bradley staying with her nephew Jonathan, and you have the general idea. Alas, the ghost is not true; and when a neighbour dies of exhaustion, hanging on the very gate, that is not true either. The plot is thickened by a disappearance, and an outbreak of poison pen; and by a corpse whose murder is unequivocal. We know the villains, but I never know how Mrs. Bradley got on to them; always her intuitions are as dark as the case itself. In spite of which, she is extremely good value.

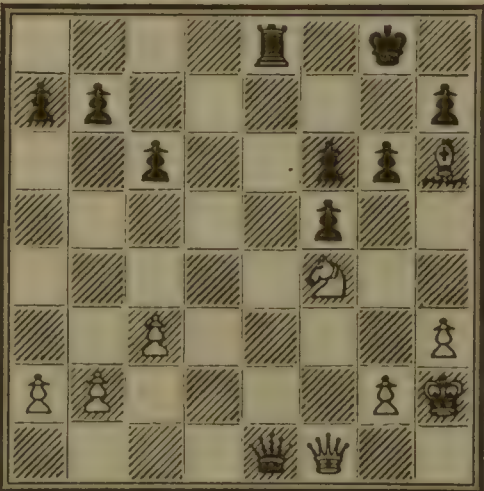
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

S. O. N. HAWES won all his seventeen match games for the Athenæum Chess Club, London, two seasons ago, but was then wafted thousands of miles away, a victim of National Service requirements in the Middle East. We can only hope, for the benefit of British chess, that he comes back like a lion refreshed. Here are two neat bits of his play from casual games. In each diagram White, to move, and playing up the diagram, forces a speedy win. Can you find how? Elucidation follows at the foot of this column.



(A). WHITE.



(B). WHITE.

And here is a game he won against a well-known London player, just as an aperitif to their lunch one day.

FOUR KNIGHTS DEFENCE.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
J. Stone.	S. O. N. Hawes.	J. Stone.	S. O. N. Hawes.
1. P-K4	P-K4	7. Kt-Q3	B-Kt3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	8. Castles	P-Q4
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-B3	9. P-K5	Kt-K5
4. B-Kt5	Kt-Q5	10. K-R1	Q-R5
5. Kt×P	B-B4	11. Kt×QP	B-Kt5
6. B-R4	Castles	12. Q-K1	Kt-B6

White resigned.

Elucidation of the play from the diagrams:

A. White played 1. P-K4! and Black resigned. The threat is 2. P×P, K×P; 3. R-R8, R×P; 4. R-R7ch and 5. R×R. If 1. . . . K×P; 2. R-K8ch, K-B2; 3. P-R8(Q). Whilst if 1. . . . P×P; 2. R-R8 leads to play like the first variation given.

B. 1. Q-B4ch, K-R1; 2. Q-B7, R-KKt1; 3. B-Kt7ch, R×B; 4. Q-B8ch, R-Kt1; 5. Kt×Pch, P×Kt; 6. Q-R6 mate was played, but 3. Q×BPch is quicker.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"FIVE DEVILS NOISILY SPLITTING APART."

"OH, how such curious things would be forgot were it not for idle fellows like me!" exclaimed John Aubrey. So much of Aubrey's writings and recordings seemed to his seventeenth-century contemporaries to be of little importance that that miserable don, Anthony A Wood, described him as "roving and magotie-headed" and "sometimes little better than crazed." But while in Aubrey's descriptions of the great you may often detect the very stones quarried by later historians, it is in the small things, the marginalia of time, that you get the authentic flavour of the seventeenth century. In

the same way the Torrington Diaries—those delightful descriptions of holidays on horseback taken through England by the Treasury official who was later to become the fifth Viscount Torrington—are utterly revealing by their omissions. That is to say, the fact that although the rides cover almost the whole period of the struggle against the French Revolution and Napoleon, there are not more than (I write from memory) two oblique references to the fact that the country was at war, provides a perfect picture by inference of war before the era of totalitarian States. And the inn bills and other accounts which Torrington preserved are of more interest to us to-day than his stout Tory lamentations over the new-fangled buildings which he saw going up (which we now regard as the very glory of late Georgian architecture!).

It is for this reason that I believe that future historians of our time will get more real insight into what we were like, and what our late Victorian parents were like, from "Haply I May Remember," by Cynthia Asquith (Barrie; 15s.), than from poring over all the Foreign Office papers, all the yellowed newspaper files, all the bound volumes of *Hansard*, in which they will doubtless confuse themselves and their readers. I loved this book. Lady Cynthia Asquith evidently needed some persuasion before she would undertake the task of writing her autobiography. It is written with delicacy, with wit, a charming sense of humour—and written, moreover, with a quite incredibly vivid memory. The result is a delight. Lady Cynthia, as a talented and beautiful woman born into a great Tory house, and married into the "radical" (as it seemed to her father, Lord Wemyss) family of Asquith, knew and attracted the friendship of the great in the world of politics and the arts of her day. Others, however, have covered this ground—if often with less charm. No. Again we must come back to the margin to get the whole story: for example, to the village carpenter "walking up the village with the intent expression of a tight-rope walker on his whiskered face, and his empty hands held in front of him at some distance apart from one another.

"Would her ladyship please not to speak to me?" he muttered, "I be carrying the measurements of a door."

There are certain highlights to which I shall return when I re-read this book in the future. There is her picture of that brilliant creature, her uncle George Wyndham, of whom relatives and older friends who knew him always make me regret I did not. And the little painting of her first encounter with grief as a child when her little brother died. It is not given to many of us to enter again into our lost selves as children—or to describe it so beautifully.

Another book which has particularly pleased me, attracted me at once by its title. This is "The Garden of Perfect Brightness," by Hope Danby (Williams and Norgate; 18s.). This is the history of the Yuan Ming Yuan—"the Garden of Perfect Brightness," the palace (or palaces) and pleasure established by K'ang H'si, the second Emperor of the Ta Ch'ing dynasty which flourished from the seventeenth century to the final downfall of the Manchus. This exquisite palace, with its grounds, became at once the retreat and the favourite administrative headquarters of the Emperors. It inspired them to delicately-polished verse—for which Mrs. Hope Danby has provided some admirable translations. There were intrigues and tragedies, elaborate ceremonies and charming fêtes. The special crackers in "the Garden of Perfect Brightness" were as complicated as their names were delightful. I, who am allergic to loud noise, nevertheless feel a twinge of regret that I never heard crackers with names such as "Lotus sprinkled with water," "Falling Moons," "Peonies strung on a String"; while there must have been something truly grandly pyrotechnical in "Five Devils noisily splitting apart."

There is no doubt as to the high level of Chinese civilisation from the earliest times. But as Professor Wolfram Eberhard points out in "A History of China" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 21s.), we have been greatly misled as to just how early those times were. According to Chinese tradition, "China's history began either about 4000 B.C. or about 2700 B.C. with a succession of wise emperors who 'invented' the elements of a civilisation, such as clothing, the preparation of food, marriage, and a state system. . . ." Alas, the archaeologists have been unkind to this as to other traditions. It is only with the Shang dynasty—about 1450 B.C.—that history as opposed to legend begins. Chinese culture, which I, among others, had always assumed to be the oldest in the world, thus becomes inferior in point of age to the great Mesopotamian and Nilotic civilisations. This book should prove a valuable standby for the schoolmaster and the conversationalist. It contains all that the inexpert occidentalist needs to know.

The same is true of Sir Richard Winstedt's "The Malays: A Cultural History," from the same stable, at 15s. Sir Richard has the advantage of not having to compress quite as much as Professor Eberhard into the small compass of a single volume. The result is a scholarly work which wears its scholarship lightly. And the book is embellished by excellent photographs and most attractively adorned with some first-class renderings of Malay poems and songs. When travelling recently in Spain I encountered Mr. Derek Patmore, the author—and envied him. The reason for my envy was that he had a pre-war copy of a "Blue Guide"—now out of print. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I welcome the appearance of a post-war "Blue Guide to England," by L. Russell Muirhead (Benn; 21s.). Need I say more than that it is fully up to the standard of these, the best guide-books (in my opinion) ever printed? Press on, good Sir Ernest Benn, and let us have the rest of the series soon.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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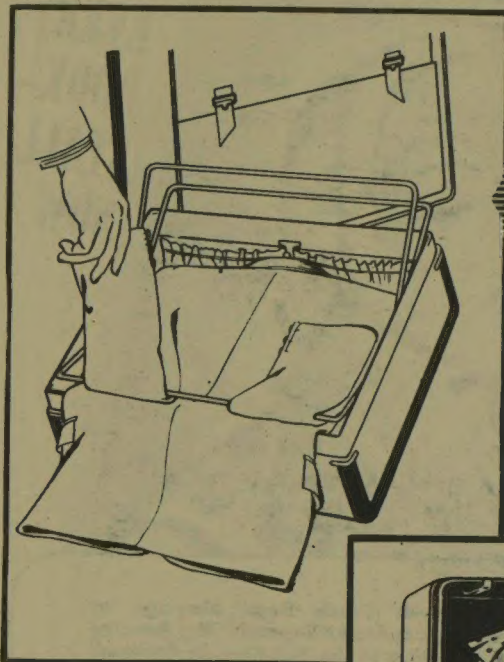
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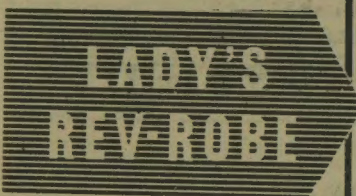
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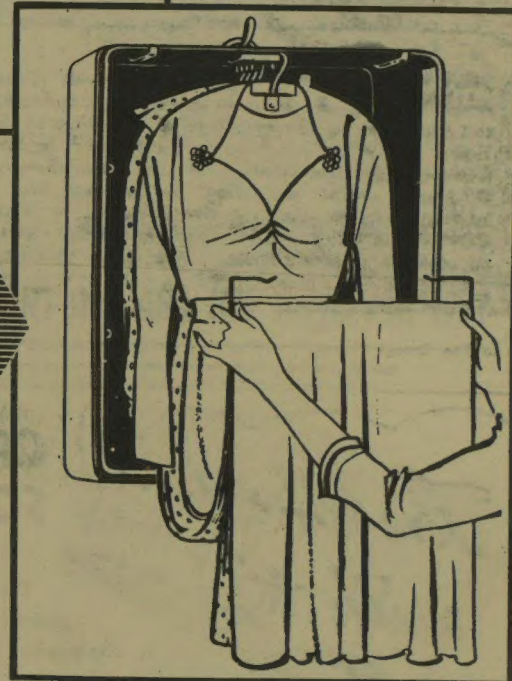
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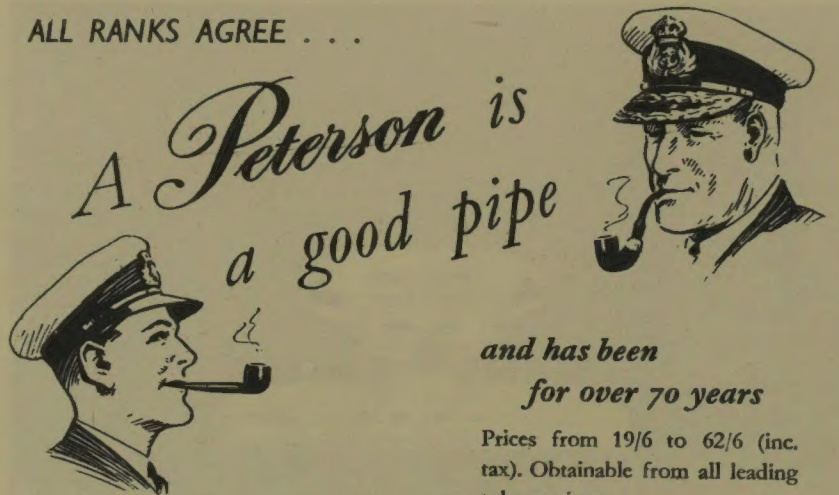


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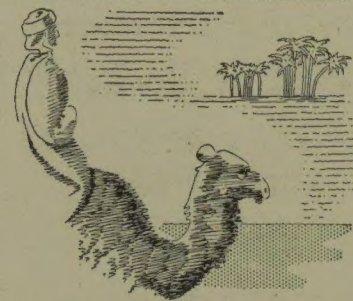
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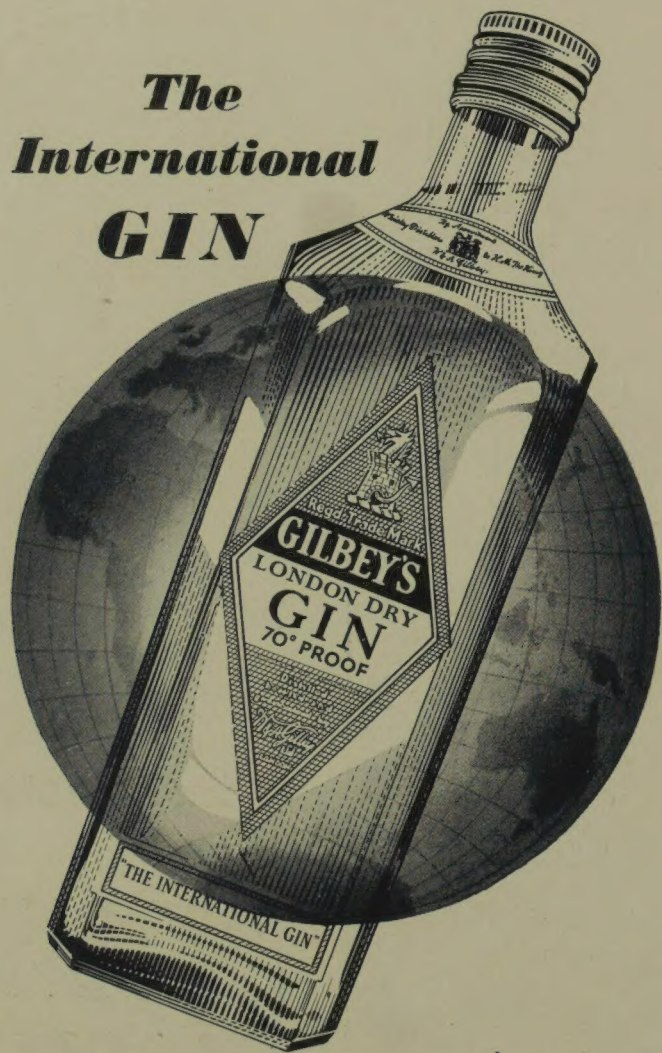
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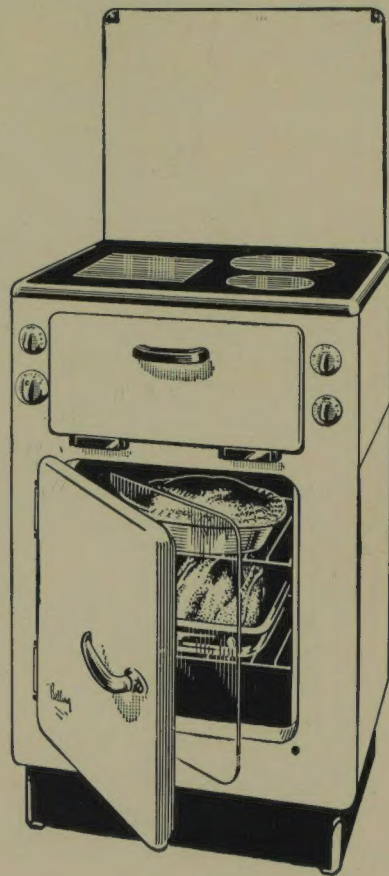
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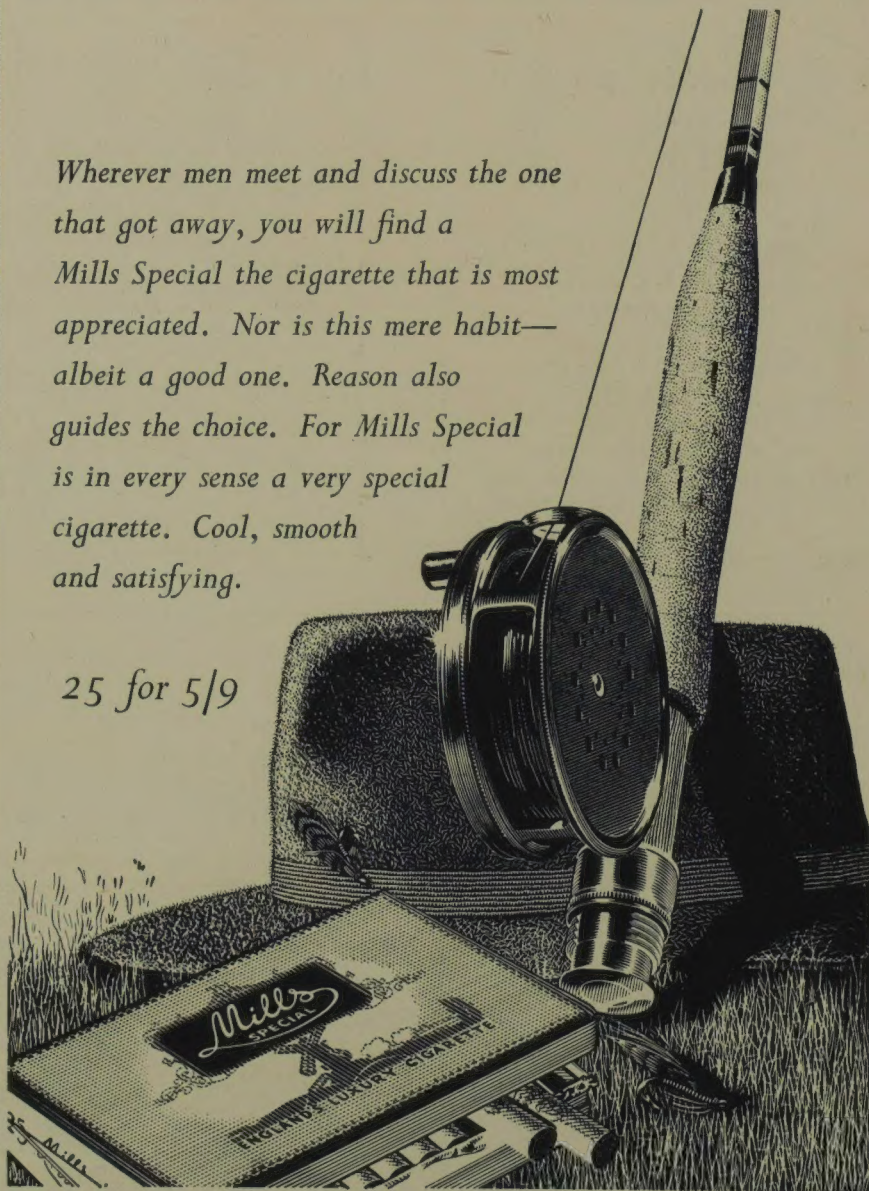


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